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The Beaver

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Wyndham Lewis at War with Canada
Tall Tales of the Old West

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What's in a name? Our readers respond.

In our last issue we presented our proposals and arguments for a possible name change for *The Beaver*. We would like to thank the scores of readers who took the time to respond. Some thought that a name change was a good idea. Many more strongly disagreed, many quite emphatically. As our press deadline loomed, letters opposing a name change were leading by a ratio of more than three to one. Replies are still coming in — by post, fax and e-mail. Here are some excerpts.

We seem so anxious these days to downsize Canada emotionally and culturally as well as politically and financially. Why do we always have to be academically correct as well? *The Beaver* title is quirky and distinctive. It is provocatively indigenous and, therefore refreshing in this age of North American homogeneity. To hell with the pornographers and even the wildlife enthusiasts who can't read sub-titles. And don't forget there is a 76-year tradition behind the *Beaver* title, and that is a sacrosanct historical tradition that should not be betrayed.
David Gardner,
Sutton West, ON.

By throwing away over 70 years of tradition, you risk becoming just another "new" magazine fighting for shelf space in a sea of glossy titles. If people like what they read, they will buy it. If they don't, they won't, regardless of the title. You should continue to concentrate on putting out a quality magazine and forget about making unnecessary changes.
Douglas Lopetinsky,
Edmonton, AB.

Stick with *The Beaver*. It is homely. It is trusted. Your Society is not to be considered a branch of Disney or McDonald's or some other marketing empire. The main thing is that you are familiar to your readers. To hell with all those new readers who might think you published a magazine about wildlife. The more fools they.
Martin Lynch,
Kaslo, BC.

I don't mind *The Beaver* but can see it might be misleading. The name *Canada's History* is too dull. Leave the cover as is but enlarge *Exploring Canada's History*.
Mrs. M.T. Fraser,
New Glasgow, NS.

To me, it is unthinkable that a name change would be considered. *The Beaver* is more than an historical magazine but, rather, it has become an historical institution.
W. Young,
Victoria, BC.

Don't change the name! What name could better represent what Canadian history is all about than *The Beaver*. ... I only just heard about *The Beaver* about four years ago and, based only on the name, subscribed to it. At the time I thought: "A magazine called *The Beaver*, must be something Canadian, I gotta have it!"
Doug Joy,
Guelph, ON.

I suppose that, at 47, I'm trying old fartdom out for size. Though your reasons for changing the name of the magazine are practical and cogently stated, I find that I'm very attached to the name *The Beaver*. At the same time, I can't get the least bit excited about *Canada's History*. How worthy and how boring. Let's keep *The Beaver* and use its uniqueness, its slightly off-skewness, to market the unique qualities of the magazine.
Catherine Macdonald,
Manitoba.

If it ain't broke — don't fix it!
Dr. W.F. Prendergast,
Toronto, ON.

I do not believe any name change should be considered. Such action would be ill-advised at best. *The Beaver* is a distinctively Canadian magazine with a long and proud history. Its name is part of that history. Of course some people may titter, but I doubt many magazine-store clerks have inadvertently stacked it next to copies of *Jugs* and *Hustler*.
Sean M. Fedorowich,
Nanaimo, BC.

We are losing our Heritage. Retain the title *The Beaver*.
Unsigned.

I am writing to express my very great disappointment at your proposal to change the name of *The Beaver*. I think your argument that it should be changed because the present name does not make clear what the magazine is about is remarkably shallow. What about *Harrowsmith*? What about the *Utne Reader*? I won't bore you with other examples. Part of the fun of looking through magazine racks is discovering new magazines. The present title is historic and symbolic. For God's sake leave it alone.

I have to tell you also that I am not pleased by the fact which seems clear in your column that you have already made the decision but are now merely going through the form of consulting the readers. This is the kind of insulting and offensive behaviour that has generated the high level of contempt most Canadians have for their politicians. I really would not have expected this from *The Beaver*. If you are determined to destroy the magazine, which is what I think you are doing, then go ahead, but please don't pretend to consult us.
Brian Tennyson,
Sydney, NS

If you insist on changing the name of the magazine, *The Beaver*, you can cancel my subscription.
Dave Shury,
Battleford, SK.

I should like to suggest that the name, *The Beaver*, be retained. Seventy-six years of tradition is worth a great deal.
The Rev. S.C. Sharman,
Winnipeg, MB.

I've just received my second issue of your fantastic magazine. I was already a fan, having bought several back issues at used book stores in British Columbia. ... Whatever you decide, all I care is that you maintain the quality of your articles and excellent service.
Cheryl Essary,
Othello, Washington.

Canada's History leaves much to be desired. Therefore I would suggest that the new name be *Northern Lights* with *Exploring Canada's History* as the sub-title if desired.
Hildred Corking,
Toronto, ON.

I suggest: *Canada Live: Exploring Our History*. You know the TV program "Larry King, Live". Well, I'm Larry King, too, which is probably why I thought of the new name and sub-title.
Laurence F. King,
Eganville, ON.

In reply to your question whether the name should be changed, my answer is an emphatic "no".
Gitta Fricke,
Winnipeg, MB.

Why retire the old title — with or without honour? The title itself is part of Canadian history; the evolution of the magazine from corporate "house organ" to popular history outlet reflects similar changes, great and small, in Canada. *Saturday Night* can be read any day of the week; why should a new name for *The Beaver* modify public perceptions of its mandate?
Hugh A. Halliday,
Orleans, ON.

Changing the name of anything always brings more trouble than it solves. *The Beaver* is well known and we soon understand what it is all about. That is why the subscribers keep it alive.
Jake Roulo,
Senneterre, QC.

Don't make me, and other readers wonder about you. I think the name is perfect just the way it is. *The Beaver* is History. Don't change it.
Preston Miller,
St. Ignatius, Montana.

Although I like the present title and will be sorry to see it disappear, I agree that it does little to inform potential readers of the true purpose of the magazine. The suggested replacement title of *Canada's History* is an excellent choice and it certainly receives my vote. I enjoy the magazine very much and look forward to each new issue.
John MacLaurin,
Ottawa, ON.

You need a straightforward, non-ambiguous title. I prefer your first choice *Canadian History* with, say, a line below "A magazine about Canada's past". You have a great magazine, but our toothy little rodent friend is holding you back.
Walt Heathers,
Port Elgin, ON.

I would hate to see the name change because it really was the name that attracted my attention. The word "Beaver" covers the entire history of Canada as a living identity. ... *The Beaver* offers a living emblem of Canada — Past — Present and to the Future.
Erskine Rivington,
Ottawa, ON.

I am a *Beaver* subscriber and I do not support any change of the name.
M. Virginia MacLean, Q.C.,
Toronto, ON.

We know what *The Beaver* is! Don't change it just to try to obtain newsstand sales. How unimaginative it would sound: *Canada's History*.
Robert E. Sollmann,
Redding, Connecticut.

I, as a recently new subscriber, would certainly not favour any alteration. I believe the name and sub-title offer great cultural and historical significance, that aptly titles the contents and was the main reason for my initial attraction.
Nelson B. Allatt,
Calgary, AB.

I have two suggestions: 1. *Northern Lights*, 2. *Boreal*. ... I really like the name *The Beaver*, but perhaps it is time for a change.
Margaret H.G. Gibson,
Scarborough, ON.

I vote yes. Change the name to *Canada's History*, or start printing more pornographic pictures.
James Carter,
Bryan, Texas.

How about *History Canada*?
Sylvia Groop,
Thunder Bay, ON.

Recently received a copy of the *Canadian Geographic* merchandise catalogue with *The Beaver*. Since we subscribe to both, would it not be a consideration to combine them, perhaps under a banner of *The Canadian Journal of History & Geography*.
F.J. Rutherford,
Burlington, ON.

As part of my retirement planning, I looked at expanding my magazine subscriptions. One thing I did was visit my local branch library and look at the magazine rack. That is how I found *The Beaver*. I didn't have any trouble with the title then, and I don't now.
G.A. Cooper,
Vancouver, BC.

Don't *think* of changing the name. I give presents of *The Beaver* to three friends as well as subscribing myself. I've been doing so since 1960. Lately I sent almost all my back numbers to a library in Quebec's North Shore, as I may be leaving home soon. They love it. *The Beaver* is so well known that changing the name for the sake of changing is ridiculous.
Margaret MacDougall,
Jonquière, QC.

I do not support the view that potential subscribers find the title unhelpful. Indeed, if it is mistaken for a nature periodical, or a children's magazine, so much the better. Those folk will have the unexpected opportunity to grow as Canadians, through a natural error. How Canadian that is! Please, keep the name. Keep our heritage. And keep publishing. It's a great magazine.
A.R. Paton,
Victoria, BC.

For goodness sakes, we have seen enough of our treasured institutions — the symbols of Canada — disappear without seeing *The Beaver* get away from us as well. *The Beaver* is a well known name in this country, and is recognized internationally as a unique Canadian identity. Why can't you leave well enough alone? Are there some busy-bodies in this new Society who have nothing better to do?
Peter J. Hall,
West Vancouver, BC.

Is there anyone who thinks *Punch* is a magazine about boxing, or, that *Atlantic Monthly* is devoted to life on the Gulfstream and the mysteries of the Bermuda Triangle? Does anyone think *Penthouse* is a publication for apartment owners or that *Saturday Night* concerns itself with the end of the Sabbath, hold-ups with unregistered handguns, or sing-alongs in crowded taverns? No, of course not. ... Anyway, when you have decided and begin to use your new name, may I have the old one? Yes, I'll take *The Beaver* off your hands. I might even be persuaded to give you a few hundred dollars for it, provided I get the copyright. I'd like to start up a little publication of my own. I think the 75 years of goodwill might be helpful.
John U. Bayly, Q.C.
Yellowknife, NT.

(For more letters turn to page 48)

Through Toronto's Fire and Ice

HOW THE MAVERICK PAINTER/WRITER WYNDHAM LEWIS TURNED HIS WARTIME CANADIAN EXILE INTO ART THAT ENDURES

It was Monday, 15 February 1943, a record-cold day for Toronto. The writer/painter Wyndham Lewis and his wife were at breakfast in Apartment 11A of a rundown hotel called "The Tudor" whose manor-like bulk fronted on once-fashionable Sherbourne Street east of the city's centre. The Lewises — war transients, as they saw themselves, from Britain — had occupied 11A for more than two years of isolation, uncertainty and ennui. Now, suddenly, came fire — or, as the *Evening Telegram*'s headlines cried that same day:

TORONTO HOTEL FIRE DRIVES 200 OUT INTO SUB-ZERO BLASTS. MANY ROUSED FROM SLEEP ... FLEE ILL-CLAD TO STREET.

Thus was engendered the central scene of a tempestuous Lewis novel centred on a rebel British intellectual self-exiled to wartime Canada.

The months prior to the Tudor eruption had seen the Lewises increasingly isolated from the Toronto mainstream and sealed off also from their embattled home country. The ennui of it all broods in the drawings Lewis did during that dreary time of his wife and sundry visitors to their quarters in the Tudor's back-section annex. "One big room, kitchen and bathroom", No. 11A cost what now would be $150 a week, in a city which the Second World War had restored to boom conditions after the preceding decade of grievous depression. Subservience to "the stupid, plodding feet of Time", as Lewis described the tedium, dimmed with melancholy the figures this subtlest of draughtsmen portrayed throughout an endless-seeming, if benign, incarceration. Behind the forced immobilization lay the wartime restrictions on travel to — and money payments from — Britain, imposed since the Lewises left in 1939. Their livelihood uncertain, they were stuck — and in a hotel whose name evoked the very age exalted for its spirit of spaciousness and mobility by Lewis in his heyday as ideological buccaneer.

Wyndham Lewis caricatured by Lewis Parker, "Maclean's", 1963.

The steady buildup of crisis lent frenzy to the letters which Lewis, the marginalized dynamo, dispatched from the Tudor — desperately seeking work, fulminating with telling brilliance against Canada ("the most parochial nationette on earth") and fretting over the distant fighting. Such asperity, creatively controlled, had energized the over-30 books this protean enemy of sham had launched since 1910 — fiction, philosophy, literary and art criticism, social and political commentary, even "rattletrap verse". It infused paintings like the near-abstract trail-blazers of Lewis's "Vorticist" youth, the sombre masterworks he produced as an official war artist with the Canadians on the Western Front in 1917-18, and the fearsome *Inferno* of 1938. In Canada, however, the turbulence born of anxiety threatened to take over, part Canadian though he was by birth and family connection.

By 15 February 1943, things had actually begun looking up. Soon he and Gladys Anne — "Froanna" to him, from a German landlady's "Frau Anna" — were to relocate to Windsor, Ontario, where he would be lecturing for a modest but assured stipend. For the moment, the Tudor served Lewis's novel-moulding mind as a microcosm of Forties Canada, the hotel's faded gentility crumbling into ever greater disorder as the country's wartime ferment invaded not only its rooms but its sprawling bar — or Beverage Room — too.

Military inductees from all over Canada swarmed through "cleanly, puritanical" Toronto, and war plants around the core city of 650,000 hummed non-stop. By 1943, 67 percent of the soaring job rolls were linked to war production, some Tudor tenants working night shifts at such plants. Lewis, job-hunting artist, lobbied London

BY C.J. FOX

The young Lewis, 1911, a self-portrait. (Collection of C.J. Fox)

Only a few weeks before the Tudor's February 1943 doomsday Lewis entertained an erstwhile British patron of his, Lord Carlow, at Sherbourne Street. His Lordship was seemingly unfazed by the Tudor 'roaches, the Beverage Room rowdiness and the central heating, unstoppable and stifling. As past author of gaff-blowing satires like *The Apes of God*, Lewis doubtless regaled this coveted visitor with tales of the real goings-on in "Toronto-the-Good", the citadel of religiosity he mocked in his letters as the "sanctimonious ice-box" and the "bush-metropolis of the Orange Lodges". Of Carlow's reaction, Lewis told a correspondent: "The Tudor rafters rang with his laugh, as they had never rung before except following upon alcoholic excesses, on the part of wild bush-men."

"The Hotel from the outside was a pale stucco affair," he was to write in *Self Condemned*, the harrowing novel of exile that drew on the Tudor fire and other misadventures of his Canadian years. In the novel — a ten-year outgrowth of successive false starts, beginning with writing bursts at the officialdom for coverage of Arsenal Canada in Britain's latest war art project. From logging camps to munitions factories, he argued, Canada cried out for portrayal as "the background of our power", part of the economic potential which ensured that the Germans, so limited in their resources, would be beaten. He himself was eventually assigned to paint the Anaconda American Brass Foundry, west of Toronto, his depiction of that torrid beehive later going to London's Tate Gallery.

Amid the war boom, the pace of life at the ill-fated Tudor Hotel had quickened. Behind its typically Torontonian facade of drab respectability, according to Lewis's letters and future novel, the place in fact went berserk most nights on alcohol and sex. So did more prestigious hostelries in ostensibly upright Toronto — the one, for instance, where none other than the Premier of Ontario, Mitchell T. Hepburn, set the boisterous tone during his 1934-42 provincial reign. The visitor from Britain made special note of this.

Hepburn, the mercurial populist, was the sole Canadian politician to catch Lewis's eye, if only for his egregiousness. As a dissector of power in his novels (*The Revenge for Love*) and author of scintillating essays on Machiavelli (in *The Lion and the Fox*) and socio-political engineering (*The Art of Being Ruled*), the versatile Lewis must have anticipated all the more doing the official portrait of "Mitch", as arranged for by the industrialist Sir James Dunn. On 22 September 1941, the painter obsequiously wrote the premier that he was ready. But instead Hepburn gallivanted off to New York on a trip combining business and, of course, pleasure.

"Crucifixion", watercolour by Lewis, Toronto, 1941. (Hugh Anson-Cartwright)

Tudor — the hotel was named "The Blundell" and, in addition to its "French stucco front", embodied a jumble of American and British decorative styles befitting its fictional function of symbolizing "the multiple personality of Canada". In reality, the Tudor itself could boast an exotic provenance of which Lewis may not have been aware, however much its central figure would have fascinated him.

From 1882 to 1913, as a private house, No. 559 Sherbourne was home to Sir Henry Pellatt, the legendary tycoon who, before bankruptcy overtook him, was to build and reside in the colossal Toronto folly known as Casa Loma. Pellatt's Sherbourne Street mansion impressed Torontonians in its own right, with its striking yellow-brick walls, overhanging balcony and turrets. Behind its massive front door ballooned a foyer graced with a grand staircase and hand-carved fireplace. When Pellatt sold it before transferring to his pseudo-medieval castle, he collected a million-dollar windfall by present monetary standards.

Signalling the decay of tree-lined Sherbourne, No. 559 became an apartment hotel, the Tudor Hall, in 1920. By November 1940, when the nomadic Lewises arrived from the U.S., it was the Tudor Hotel, proprietor Mrs. Helen E. Rogers. As their stay lengthened, Lewis began piling up notes and newspaper items on the wartime life found in Canada — popular speech ("UM! Say! You deserve a medal!"), bizarre stories of a Ukrainian arrested for tailoring an illegally extravagant Zoot-suit, or a falling icicle fatally piercing a pedestrian's skull. Recognized today as a pioneer media analyst and a major influence on Marshall McLuhan, the author of *Time and Western Man* and *Doom of Youth* also transcribed radio commercials (admonitions about "B.O.", paeans to the way Camels "suit my T-zone to a T ... T for taste and T for throat", the glories of beauty soap).

Lewis noted too the contrasts between North American and British news announcers. On the ponderous BBC, the "great gentleman coldly informs [the] English proletariat of the few synthetic scraps of doctored news it is suitable for it to know." American newsreaders were themselves proletarian "with R's rolling juicily and smugly." Lewis went on: "In Canada it is proletarian-to-proletarian too: rough, bullying, illiterate. Only in Canada occasionally you get a kind of rough ... imitation of the BBC voice."

Then came 15 February 1943. The late-breakfast tranquillity of the Lewis apartment was shattered at 10 that morning by what must have seemed the very war demons consuming the world's other half. (That evening's *Toronto Daily Star* would headline, along with the record cold at home, the Russians closing in on Kharkov and a blockbuster raid on Cologne, but also Rommel counter-attacking in North Africa and Allied planes downed over Europe.) The dawdling Lewises suddenly heard "muffled shouting and the heaving tramp of feet", as Froanna recalled, outside 11A. "On investigation, we saw a fireman rushing down the passage banging on doors and shouting, 'Fire! All out!' " Lewis later told the *Star* how he hastily pulled his trousers over his pyjamas. Then he, Froanna and their Scotch terrier Jo-Jo scurried down a smoke-filled corridor and through the annex furnace room, the fire possibly having erupted from an over-stoked front furnace under the former Pellatt house.

Toronto, according to the *Star*, was enduring its

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

TORONTO, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1943

SECOND SECTION

Toronto Hotel Fire Drives 200 Out Into Sub-Zero Blasts

Many Roused From Sleep Find Hotel Mass Of Fire Flee Ill-Clad To Street

Forty-Four Fires Within 12 Hours Record For City

Lining Of Flyer's Chest Replaces Torn Diaphragm

MEAL SELLERS PLEASED AT 5C FOR BEVERAGE

Warsaw Testing Ground For Nazi Slavery Pattern 21,800 Die In 6 Months

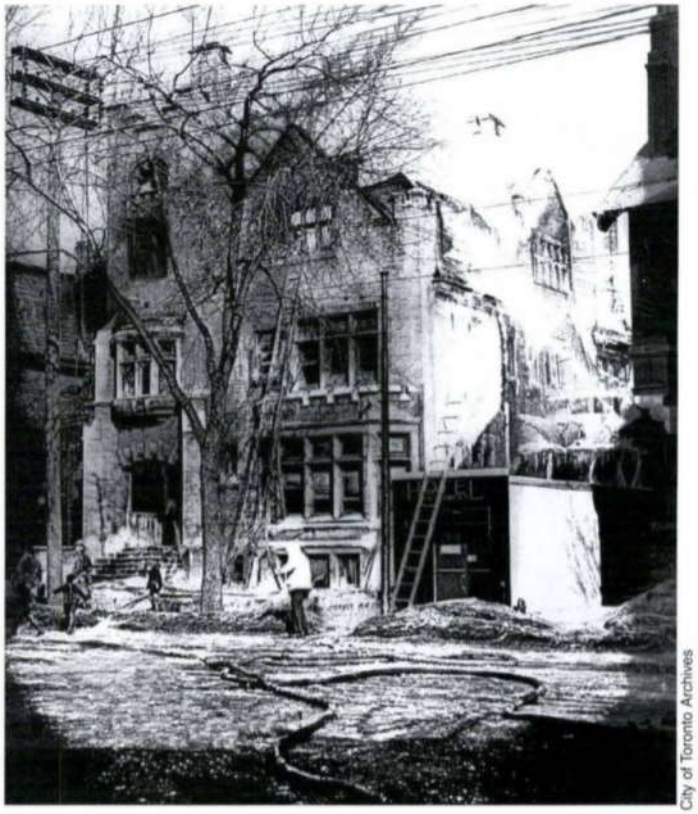
Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library

coldest 15 February ever and lowest temperatures since 1934, with the thermometer plunging to -30° Celsius. "Scores of persons were treated at Toronto hospitals for frozen ears and noses," said the paper. Into this frigidity fled the Lewises while other underclad Tudor tenants struggled down an aerial ladder. "Firemen battled the stubborn blaze for hours," reported the *Telegram*. "At 11:05 A.M., a number of hydrants froze ... By this time the flames had eaten their way through the roof ... The whole front of the building was enveloped."

Meanwhile, across Toronto, fire-fighters scrambled as the weather's onslaught triggered a big upsurge in alarms, to 73 in all. For a city whose only material taste of war hardship was some food rationing along with power and motoring cutbacks, the hectic day provided an extra inkling of Europe's lot. The *Globe and Mail* wrote of firemen arriving for the Tudor conflagration already coated with ice after rushing "from one outbreak to another without the opportunity of returning to their stations". A *Globe* photo showed Fire Captain George Ellis "covered with ice from helmet to shoes" in Sherbourne Street. The *Telegram* added that high winds forced the evacuation of many buildings near fires mostly started by over-heated furnaces or pipe-thawing torches.

For all the atmosphere of peril, there were no immediately reported fatalities from the Toronto fire epidemic of 15 February, although a favourite attendant of the Lewises at the Tudor apparently died of injuries later. Lewis subsequently fictionalized this as murder in *Self Condemned* and the Tudor fire as arson but otherwise preserved in his novel the actual details of "this great traditional spectacle" so avidly trumpeted by the papers. For fire was a mass phobia in 1940s North America, especially with the dread left by Boston's Coconut Grove calamity of November 1942 (490 killed), the K. of C. Hostel holocaust the next month in Newfoundland (99 dead) and Europe's continuing incineration. Thus the reader-hungry papers highlighted the Tudor details for all they were worth, the *Telegram*'s figure for the number of tenants driven out being three times that of the *Star*.

Elias Canetti, the visionary who lived through the London Blitz, saw in fire a violence, spontaneity and destructiveness worthy of a ravaging human crowd. Wyndham Lewis, who in 1915 painted an electrifying canvas called *The Crowd* and keenly analysed the crowd phenomenon in his diverse writings, resembled Canetti in likening fire to the raging human mass. Thus in *Self Condemned* he heightened the Tudor fire into a ferocious metaphor for that unexampled human rampage, the Second World War. At the novel's "Hotel Blundell" in the deep-frozen Canadian city of "Momaco" (the intellectual hero's place of exile), waves of flame burst through the roof like ever more zealous troops successively taking to battle. The flames and torrents of swiftly freezing water together turn the Blundell into "a fiery iceberg". This cocoon of ice "swept outwards for perhaps fifty yards ... The flames rising into the sky seemed somehow cold and conventional as if it had been their duty to go on aspiring ... But a new generation of fiery monsters, a half-hour younger, appeared behind them, a darker red and full of muscular leaps, charged with the authentic will to devour and to consume."



City of Toronto Archives

The burnt-out front section of the Tudor Hotel, hours after the fire.

Next day, the Blundell's congealed, burnt-out shell looks like "a sinister, upside down forest of ice ... a piece of sub-polar absurdity, which would stand there till the first thaws." Like the Lewises, "Professor René Harding" and his wife survive their fire but they go on to meet a wholly different and fearful destiny.

Back before the Tudor fire, the radio-fixated Lewis had once heard a pre-war literary cohort, the left-wing writer Geoffrey Grigson, blithely talking on the BBC about peacetime Dalmatia — "a very pleasant experience, in my horrible exile", as he wrote Grigson from the Tudor. In *Self Condemned*, many details of Lewis's "horrible exile" are used but, like the fire, are deliberately heightened. There is the hand-to-mouth existence of marooned British historian Harding in graceless Momaco (named for the Toronto suburb Mimico), a town "swollen like a great tick with the young blood of farming areas, as the war factories mushroomed

up"; the pretentiousness of local highbrows aping the worst of London fads; the cold that "flashed down your marrow and made an icicle of your coccyx" and was as impossible to keep out as radium; the bordello-like bedlam of the hotel; the mayhem of the Beverage Room where the fingers of firewatered giants "curled into a fist as homicidal as a revolver, or relaxed ... for an alcoholic caress".

Self Condemned, when published in 1954, was predictably taken by the Toronto dailies as a polemic against their city. In the weekly *Saturday Night*, Robertson Davies panned it as boring, its picture of Canada unrecognizable. But another Ontarian, Professor Hugh Kenner, admiringly pointed out that Lewis had not written a documentary or realist novel but simply used elements of Toronto (and Montreal and Ottawa) in delineating a fictional hell — Momaco — for his gods-defying hero. In this expressionist venture, no mere *roman à clef*, he consciously "exaggerated small facts virtually beyond recognition", said Kenner. Meanwhile, the *Toronto Monetary Times* brightly suggested that *Self Condemned* resembled a perplexing painting whose fresh insight at first "seems a weird distortion of familiar reality, causing the conventional spectator to wince".

A tender Yuletide watercolour, "Mother and Child", Toronto, 1942. (Walter and Harriet Michel)

The *Toronto Star*, whose hospitable ace reporter Roy Greenaway had earned Lewis's gratitude for "extreme benevolence", was the only paper to mention the "famous" writer-painter in its Tudor fire coverage. It ran a photo of the Lewises — he looking shaken, she smiling — after they left the blazing hotel, and quoted him as saying he had lost two portraits he'd done. The *Star* claimed he had also lost many smaller pictures and two manuscripts. When interviewed, however, Lewis may not have known that his works were intact, since he had failed in an effort to reach them again.

Lewis may not have realized either that the Selby Hotel across Sherbourne Street, where he and Froanna found refuge, had briefly accommodated Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hemingway during Hemingway's unhappy stint on the *Star*'s Toronto staff in 1920. Hemingway was to round on Lewis years later but they shared an aversion to Canada. "Fistulated", Hemingway called it — "a busted boom country ... pretty much gone to hell".

After a sojourn at the Selby (itself a converted mansion and still operating today), the Lewises recrossed Sherbourne Street to live in their surviving Tudor annex for the last four months they faced in Toronto. "The main building is no longer there," Lewis explained in a letter, "but 'Tudor Hotel' is for the present still my address." He pictured himself living in the ruins and "freezing out here slowly, in this ice-box of a country." But mid-June 1943 saw the Lewises at last out of Toronto — "that disgusting spot", as he put it to a future friend, Marshall McLuhan — and installed in relatively congenial Windsor. There he found, in lecturing at the then Assumption College, an outlet for the vision he was shaping of North America as a supra-national "cosmic society". The vision took final form in his 1948 book *America and Cosmic Man* where McLuhan would discover the idea for his "global village".

Life in the "Sanctimonious Ice-Box"

The fact is that Wyndham Lewis — born on a schooner off Nova Scotia in 1882 and a Canadian passport holder though British by longtime residence — moved to Toronto in 1940 harbouring a measure of hope, despite the way his painting prospects in the U.S. had expired as steadily as his one-year visa. (He brashly told a welcoming *Telegram* reporter that writing was less difficult than painting. "Anybody can write a book.") But

north of the border he found that, for one thing, the English- and French-Canadian Lewis family, once powerful in Toronto and nearby Oakville, had disintegrated. Moreover, Lewis wasn't helped by local ire over the spoof of the University of Toronto's Hart House which he had published, after a 1939 stopover, in his book *America, I Presume*. The piece must have irked influential friends of the U of T recreational landmark, however disguised its hilarious and spot-on send-up of what still was an all-male temple of overblown Baden Powellism.

Perhaps it was to the Hart House episode in particular that the U of T's spiky kingpin of Canadian history, Donald Creighton, was referring when he complained in a letter years later to the present writer: "As far as I can gather Lewis met relatively few people in Toronto, and avenged the hospitalities which he did receive in a characteristic English fashion, by being rude to his hosts at the time and sneering at them after he had left Canada." Perhaps too the university's subsequent obliviousness to Lewis's presence in Toronto followed from his affront to Hart House. Hugh Kenner, however, suggests teacher apathy rather than conspiracy as the reason why he, a University of Toronto student at the time, was never told by his mentors that he "lived not a mile from a Titan".

Yet, whatever the initial hostility in high places, Lewis did give two CBC radio talks within a month of settling in Toronto. In French, he denounced racist-based nationalism and urged unity on Canada's two founding groups — just when the war was dividing them again. In English, he extolled Anglo-Saxon civilization as against gladiatorial Prussianism "with its creed of Blood and Iron". A month later, on 10 January 1941, he addressed the "Lord Tweedsmuir Memorial Book Fair" sponsored by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, no less, at the swish Arcadian Court of Simpson's department store. The IODE lecture outdid even his CBC lambasting of the German enemy. "The Germans once-upon-a-time were a people in love with learning, with speculative thinking, with poetry," Lewis declared. "But that is not the case today. In fact they are probably the most ignorant, hard-boiled, ill-read people in Europe."

Lewis's stridency blended perfectly with the daily war-whoops of Canada's press. It contrasted sharply with his anti-war polemics of the Thirties which the British Left, following its demonization of a 1931 book he wrote on Hitler, attacked as pro-Nazi. In 1939, he published *The Hitler Cult*, since construed as a retraction of his first Hitler book. But, while reviewed respectfully in the socialist *Canadian Forum*, Lewis's second study drew a sour reaction from U of T historian Edgar McInnis in *Saturday Night*. And the *Globe and Mail*'s account of his IODE harangue sounded bemused at most under its headline:

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library

Lewis and "Froanna" shortly after their escape from the fire.

ENGLISH NOVELIST DECRIES BELIEF IN GERMAN BRAINS.

Lewis maintained his anti-Axis militancy well into 1941 with the only book he was to bring out in Canada, *Anglosaxony: A League That Works*, which proclaimed democracy's vast superiority to fascism. Wyndham Lewis "brilliantly defends democracy and turns the facade of Fascism inside out," enthused the *Hamilton Spectator*. But a tiny *Globe* notice commented only that *Anglosaxony* was "lively", adding erroneously that Lewis had long lived in Germany. Beyond a hostile interview with Lewis in *Quill and Quire*, his tract generated no other reviews and he was soon complaining of how this typified the indifference of Canadians toward books originating in their own country. By 1942, *Anglosaxony* had sold only 310 of 1,500 copies printed. Ironically, a copy of the now-rare little paperback, priced at 75 cents on publication, fetched $2,000 for a Canadian antiquarian bookdealer in 1996.

Lewis hardly thrived in Toronto as a portrait painter either, however reputable, despite his galvanizing icons of T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Edith

Sitwell and other non-Canadian luminaries. He failed to gratify the few top Torontonians he persuaded to sit for him. There was purchaser discontent over his oil of Canada Packers president J.S. McLean, even though *Saturday Night* praised it as "very vital and characteristic". A portrait of McLean's daughter Mary aroused client dissatisfaction too, although 50 years later the subject publicly admitted liking it.

All the marketplace frustrations threw Lewis back into himself. In 1942, he brought a laudatory essay about Morley Callaghan to *Saturday Night*'s celebrated editor, B.K. Sandwell. "The sense of loneliness came through," wrote a Sandwell aide and alienated Lewis acolyte, John Reid, of Lewis's subdued demeanor. In the essay, the recent lambaster of Germany repudiated war propaganda — "pep and bellicose abandon", as he now called it. He suggested instead the quietism exemplified by Callaghan's "gently stepping, gravely resigned, little parables" as a better response to "the jungle-life of total war". Lewis's painting also took a contemplative turn. Along with the sad evocations of domesticity in the Tudor apartment, he began producing imaginative drawings verging on the mystical in their alternating tenderness, lyricism and power. There were tragic designs too on themes of war and desolation, pictorial counterparts to what T.S. Eliot later termed the "almost unbearable spiritual agony" of *Self Condemned*.

Lewis at the Studio Building, Toronto, April 1941, with his portrait of meat-packing magnate J.S. McLean.

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library

Simultaneously, however, Lewis's letters — salutary reading for present-day Canadian patriots — became more scathing of English Canadians (ill-read, stolid, hyper-sensitive) and Toronto (with its "ugly teetotal Baal" and a blend of Methodism and money that produced "a sort of hell of dullness"). His quest for work in the U.S. or even South Africa became desperate as did his efforts to get home. Fears over failing eyesight (Lewis was blind when he finished *Self Condemned* in 1952) compounded all this and the unnerving, dark-clad alien — "a Cro-Magnon or even Neanderthal type", ventured one Torontonian — scandalized the locals with a public scene or two. But Morley Callaghan was properly amused when, ascending to an upstairs buffet party, he met Lewis coming out. "How's the food?" the new arrival asked. "Not worth the climb!" boomed back Lewis.

Not all his Toronto experiences were unpleasant. He relished the company of A.Y. Jackson, whom he knew as a fellow war artist in 1917-18, and he painted for a time at the legendary Studio Building, where Group of Seven members had long worked. He ultimately lionized Jackson in a classic essay, "Canadian Nature and its Painters". In him, Lewis argued, was embodied Canada's inescapable involvement with the mass of primitiveness north of its narrow settled belt — "from the bush up to the muskeg and beyond to the icepack". Jackson himself, hailed by Lewis as a dauntless Captain Ahab pursuing the leviathan of Northern Canada's savage snowscapes, modestly described the praise as really an expression of thanks for his hospitality toward the hard-up expatriate. "I liked Lewis," Jackson said in a 1965 letter to this writer. "He dropped into my studio quite frequently ... I felt it was a privilege to listen to him." Lewis would also visit Jackson's crony, Keith MacIver, who occupied the old Tom Thomson shack behind the Studio Building. According to "A.Y.", his fabled prospector friend and the caustic British maverick-in-exile often yarned in the shack together over MacIver's whisky.

A compulsive borrower, Lewis found generous (or naive) creditors in Toronto, not least Jackson. Another notable benefactor was the affluent art impresario Douglas Duncan, whom he explicitly thanked in 1942 for having "worked unflaggingly in my interest". A dozen years on, Duncan's friends, if not he himself, seethed over what was taken to be a grotesque caricature of him in *Self Condemned*. But Lewis had never allowed friendship to inhibit his criticism or satire, as Eliot, Pound and other associates could testify. And one kindness in particular stands out from his dire Toronto days — providing a cordial letter of introduction to the influential Eliot for the young London-bound writer-diplomat Douglas LePan.

There are indications too from unpublished letters that he and Froanna (like René Harding and "Hester" in *Self Condemned*) drew closer during

their hotel trials than at any time in their marriage. After her husband's death in 1957, Froanna wrote fondly of the general sense of community that prevailed among the human jetsam at the Tudor. In conversation, she once intimated that Lewis's complaints about his Canadian circumstances were the sort of self-dramatization to be expected of writers. Even Lewis himself could joke, perhaps grimly, about his "Tudor period". He was capable too of high spirits in Canada — as with his letter from Ottawa, on Chateau Laurier stationery, addressing Froanna as "Poochums" and indulging in much ribaldry about their dog Jo-Jo.

Back in London, which Lewis regained in 1945 after his Windsor stay and further American expeditions, he managed to reclaim his old Kensington apartment. Following his death 12 years later, the apartment block was supplanted by a shoddy, pseudo-modernist development. Similarly, over in Toronto, the surviving rump of the Tudor — the annex containing Apartment 11A — was demolished and its site subsumed into a multi-towered residential monstrosity that had superseded the homely adjacent slum called St. James Town.

Brand new, the St. James Town development — all stark highrises and windy concrete canyons — recalled the megapolitan immensity in which Lewis's 1950s fantasia of the after-life, *The Human Age*, is set. Corroded by the intervening years, it also recalls in its present dilapidation the post-war London shabbiness depicted in his book of stories, *Rotting Hill*. If Froanna, unlike her husband, remembered the wartime Tudor as a "warm human cocoon" both heterogeneous and harmonious, one wonders how harmonious life is now in the Tudor's successor community, heterogeneous in its current role as gaunt receptacle for thousands of freshly landed immigrants.

Given the coincidence of Lewis's past habitation on the Sherbourne Street site, it is appropriate that one of the writings he drafted during those endless Tudor days dealt with Canada and immigration. Canada, he remarked, needed immigrants and its nondescript centre had to be made as attractive as its more picturesque extremities. "It would be no use at all," this struggling war transient went on, "to [be] all Gallic charm at one end, and all titanic Western beauty at the other, while remaining smug, drab and snooty in the middle." ◆

Portrait drawing, "Sybil", 1942. (Hugh Anson-Cartwright).

— SOURCES —

The best sourcebook on Wyndham Lewis's years in Canada is *The Talented Intruder: Wyndham Lewis in Canada, 1939-1945*, published by the Art Gallery of Windsor, Ontario, as the catalogue of a 1992-93 exhibition. The catalogue covers all aspects of Lewis's life and work in Canada, has excellent reproductions of his pictures and is still available. *Self Condemned* and some of the other Lewis books mentioned in C.J. Fox's article are published by Black Sparrow Press and distributed in Canada by Firefly Books Ltd., 3680 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, M2H 3K1.

Quotations from Lewis's papers and books are used by permission of Cornell University Library's Department of Rare Books and Manuscript Collections and the Wyndham Lewis Memorial Trust. The Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library and City of Toronto Archives were extremely helpful.

C.J. Fox, a Newfoundland-born writer, has edited anthologies of Lewis's prose, has written widely on him and other modern writers and edits the newsletter of the Wyndham Lewis Society. An article by Fox on the Newfoundland National Convention of 1946-48 appeared in the August-September issue of "The Beaver".

When the Christmas Tree

When Canadians decorate their Christmas trees this year in preparation for the holiday season, they will be perpetuating a custom that was started 150 years ago in Halifax by William Pryor, a wealthy businessman who made his fortune as a merchant, shipowner, banker, insurance broker, and privateer.

Pryor first introduced the decorated and lighted tree into his Halifax home in 1846 to please his German wife Barbara by transplanting a centuries-old Christmas tradition from her native land to her new home in Nova Scotia. The Christmas tree made its Halifax debut a few years after it was introduced to London in 1841 by Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the consort of Queen Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Pryor's Christmas tree was decorated with candles, glass ornaments from Germany, cookies, candies, cranberry chains and bits of ribbon. The lighted tree adorning the interior of the Pryor home during the yuletide season captured the attention of fashionable Halifax society and was copied by others in the city in succeeding years.

Today, almost every home, store window, shopping mall, and community park across Canada features a lighted Christmas tree well in advance of the holiday season.

William Pryor was born in New York City in 1775 and came to Halifax as a lad of eight years with his Loyalist parents in 1783 following the American Revolution. His early life was spent on ships engaged in trade with the West Indies. He also served as a captain of the privateer *Nymph* and captured two prizes — one French and one Dutch.

Pryor eventually gave up his sea-going adventures to establish a business on the Halifax waterfront where he made a considerable amount of money during the Napoleonic Wars. He also enlarged his business and his fortune by securing a contract to supply rum to the Halifax garrison. His increased wealth enabled him to purchase land overlooking the Northwest Arm where he built his estate which he named Coburg Cottage. The house today is located in a very exclusive residential section of the old city, but when Pryor and his wife occupied the land it was secluded and remote from the population centre.

Pryor was one of eight founding partners of the Halifax Banking Company, President of the Halifax Insurance Company, and one of the early promoters of the Shubenacadie Canal. He died in 1859.

While Halifax lays claim to the first Canadian Christmas tree, the city of Boston is believed to be the locale for the first New England Christmas tree, decorated by German soldiers fighting on the side of the British during the American Revolution.

First Came to Canada

BY HARRY CHAPMAN

The Christmas tree has become a bond of friendship and unity between Halifax and Boston at Christmas time. For the past 25 years, a tall evergreen tree is sent from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston to decorate the Prudential Center. The tree is a gift to the people of Boston who immediately dispatched a trainload of food, clothing, medical supplies, doctors, and nurses to a Halifax destroyed by the 1917 Explosion.

In spite of the increasing use of artificial trees, the Christmas tree industry is a multimillion-dollar business to numerous Nova Scotia tree farmers who export their product throughout the North American continent.

The Christmas tree custom is said to have been started by St. Boniface who came from England to convert the Germans to Christianity during the eighth century. He replaced the sacrifices to Odin's sacred oak with a fir tree adorned in tribute to the Christ child. A later version states that Martin Luther introduced the custom of lighted candles on a tree at Christmas time to represent the starry heavens from whence Christ came.

For Canadians, the custom of the decorated Christmas tree started in Halifax 150 years ago symbolizes warmth and good cheer during the festive season. ◆

Harry Chapman celebrates Christmas in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

People for a New Land

Exploding the Cherished Myths of Canadian Immigration History

BY ANGELIKA SAUER

Historians deal with interpretations rather than facts. To understand historical events they must explore the myths that shape not only past but also present perceptions of reality, and that allow individuals or groups, or entire nations, to make sense of their history and define their identity in a larger context. Many of the myths upon which Canadian identity is based relate to our immigration history. This should come as no surprise: after all, everybody in this country, with the exception of the people of the first nations, is either an immigrant or a descendant of immigrants. We are reminded of this when the census-takers ask us to reveal our immigrant roots.

What is it, then, that we believe to be true about the immigrant past of our nation? We believe that Canada is, and has always been, a country of immigration. We believe that Canada has been generous and tolerant in accepting immigrants from the four corners of the globe. We believe that the poor and wretched of Europe came and built a better life for themselves and their children. We also cherish the image of a typical settler family: a frowning husband, a tired wife and six children of all sizes, standing in front of a tiny sod house.

These myths have been questioned and discarded by historical enquiry. Canada, historians will tell us, was for the most part a country of emigration. The country resembled a sieve, losing more people in every decade until the 1910s than it took in. Those who came were subjected to a strict ranking according to questionable theories of race and adaptability. Non-European immigrants were excluded, exploited and the objects of discriminatory actions by state and public alike. It was not until the 1960s that Canadian immigration policy started to discard its racial criteria and reflect a society more tolerant of ethnic and racial diversity. Even the rags-to-riches success stories of supposedly destitute immigrants have come under close scrutiny: we know that many individual efforts to settle in Canada ended in failure and a return to the home country. Historians of various ethnic groups have also exploded the popular fallacy that those who came were the poorest of the poor. Whether it was the Scots, the Irish or the Ukrainians: research has shown that those who landed on Canada's shores were people of moderate means arriving with assets — with money, household goods and tools — that helped the Canadian economy.

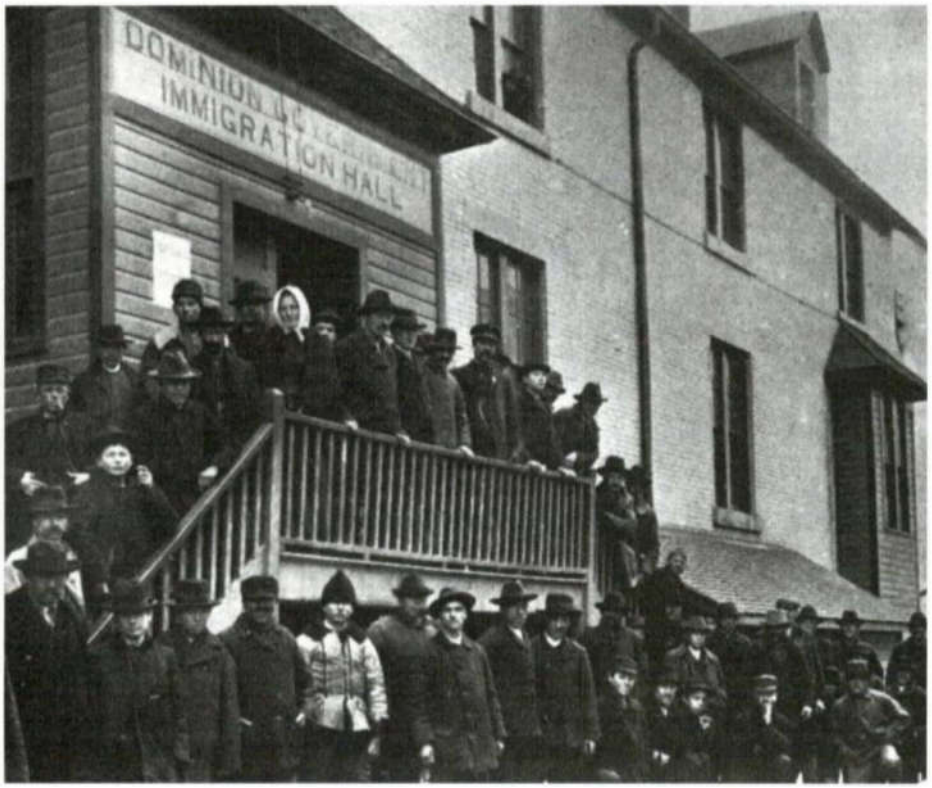
This leaves the question whether the image of the typical settler family is a mirage as well. Has Canada not always encouraged immigrants to come as part of a family unit? Did not Clifford Sifton, that famous Western Canadian who opened up the Prairies to scores of Central and Eastern Europeans in the late 1890s, describe his ideal immigrant as a "stalwart peasant in a sheep-skin coat ... with a stout wife and a half-dozen children"? There can be no doubt that families do in fact constitute an important part of Canada's immigration history. Families were often crucial to successful immigration, both in economic and emotional terms. Different governments at different times expressed their belief in this fundamental importance in their immigration policies.

Yet there is the other side of the coin. What do we make of the hundreds of thousands of single men and women who came to Canada in search of jobs, of adventure, of marriage partners? How do we account for government policies that encouraged this stream of reckless youths, or policies that forced migrants to abandon their loved ones — policies that tore families apart? It can only be concluded that Canadian immigration history is more complex than the image of the settler family suggests. It is, indeed, a mixed kaleidoscope of singles and families, who each in their own way became part of the development of Canada.

In the early part of our immigration history from the 1630s to the Conquest, the colony on the St. Lawrence River attracted many adventurers: fur traders, soldiers, merchants, and indentured workers. Yet by the time the French Crown took a real interest in the colony in the 1660s, there was one major problem: a glaring gender imbalance. There

were more than 12 unmarried males, age 16-30, for every eligible female of the same age group. As a result, the population of the colony increased only very slowly. It stood at just over 3,000 in 1661.

The French Crown, not unfamiliar with the basic facts of life, recognized that the best means of stimulating sustained population growth were young families. As a result, starting in 1665, just over 770 young French women were sent to the colony. Many came from a charitable hospice in Paris, others from impoverished rural areas. Their dowries and transportation were paid by the king, which led them to be known as *les filles du roi*. The sponsored female immigrants did indeed marry; only 32 did not, and of those most returned to France. Surprisingly enough, the whirlwind courtships produced remarkably stable marriages: only four women requested separation from their hastily chosen partners. The policy of importing eligible young women, however, was often not enough and there had to be an additional incentive for the confirmed bachelors of New France to settle down into family life. Men were subsequently encouraged to marry by threats to have their fur-trading licences revoked and by penalties for refusal to marry. The government also introduced



A lone woman stands among male newcomers at the Immigration Hall, Winnipeg, circa 1900.

officials who selected them made an effort to ensure that they were in good health and of good character. To protect their morals, they were chaperoned by nuns during their voyage to New France. This was the beginning of a pattern in Canada's immigration history: a government initiative to import single women of high moral standing in order to provide wives for colonists and settlers.

For the *filles du roi*, the great Canadian adventure led to marriage very quickly. Mère Marie (an Ursuline nun) reported in 1665: "The hundred girls that the King sent this year have just arrived and already almost all of them are married. ... it is an astonishing thing to see how the country becomes peopled and multiplies". Most of the government-bonuses for families of 10 or more children. These policies must have worked to a certain extent, because by the end of the French period, the population of the St. Lawrence Valley region had grown from 3,000 to 65,000.

The majority of the about 8,500 immigrants who settled in Canada between 1600 and 1759 were single. That those immigrants were not only young but quite restless was another problem the authorities had to confront. For every person who stayed in the colony, two returned to France. Singles were far more likely to see life in Canada as a temporary expedient than men and women who were married. This was the other reason for creating and promoting families: having a family

tied the immigrant (and especially the male immigrant) to the new land. Accordingly, one of the rationales behind the *filles du roi* scheme was "to fix the single men and, by marriage, attach them to some community and so oblige them to work at the cultivation of the land." Families brought stability.

The British government learned this the hard way in the 1750s. In their efforts to colonize Nova Scotia with loyal Protestants (who would counter-balance the francophone and Catholic Acadian population) they came up with a scheme to recruit Protestants in southwestern Germany and settle them, with government financial assistance, near Halifax. It was made clear to the recruiting agents that young, single men were preferable, as they would be cheaper to settle than whole families. The historian who has examined this movement of about 2,500 so-called "Foreign Protestants" concludes that, "from the point of view of interest in permanent settlement, the emphasis [on single men] was actually not well advised." Among the group's adult males age 15-35, about one-third came without any kin. Of those, two-thirds later disappear from the records; that is, they did not settle in Nova Scotia, but slipped away to one of the other British American colonies or joined the army (some even joined the French army at Louisbourg). Among the men who came married or as heads of a family, only one-third did not settle permanently. Therefore, in the long run, the British government got much better value out of families, even though single men seemed cheaper in the short term.

National Archives of Canada

Ukrainian newcomers at Quebec, enroute to Edna-Star, N.W.T., 1897.

This episode proved that pioneer work — the clearing and cultivating of virgin land — was not a task for single men, but one for families who worked together as a unit. The settlement of colonial British North America in the first half of the nineteenth century shows many examples of the importance of family in pioneering. The Scottish Highlanders, for example, who came to Glengarry County in what is today Ontario between 1784 and 1815, chose Upper Canada because they could not maintain their kin-based communities, the clans, in Scotland. In Glengarry County they were offered an opportunity to settle near family and friends, an option that was not available to them in the American colonies.

Families, Ottawa historian Bruce Elliott explains, served "as channels for information and assistance and as an important source of psychological support in adjusting to life in a new location." For the government, they facilitated the task of recruiting settlers for the new colony. A group of Irish from Tipperary was settled, at great expense for the British government, in Upper Canada, but as soon as they were there, the process became self-generating. Letters home reported on life in the colony in glowing terms, and remittances were included. As a consequence, more and more family members, friends and neighbours joined the initial migrants in what is called "chain migration". The first group settlements in the Bytown and London areas became the core of major Irish colonies in British North America.

For families, emigration was a strategy adopted to provide for the next generation. In some cases, whole families left an area where not enough cheap land was available to be purchased for the sons, and where further subdivision of the family property would have destroyed its viability. This was the case for several Mennonites who left Pennsylvania to settle in the Grand River region of today's Waterloo County in about 1805. They purchased properties that were much larger than the average family farm. In the years following, the settlers steadfastly refused to sell parts of their property to newcomers. Instead, the plots were subdivided and distributed to the sons. As a result, fewer second-generation Mennonites had to leave the area in search of work and land than was the case for other settler groups.

In some cases, a family did not have enough

money to finance the emigration of the entire family unit. Those families would send a younger son, or a daughter, to British North America. After 1830, a large number of young single Irish women arrived in the colony. They travelled with sisters or female friends; sometimes there were whole parties of young women from Irish workhouses. They left Ireland because they had no prospects for marriage, given the lack of land and resources for a dowry. In British North America, on the other hand, they were almost guaranteed employment due to a growing demand for domestic servants. They would be able to provide for themselves; some undoubtedly would also find a husband who could provide for them.

The search for a proper spouse became part of the history of Western Canada as well. Starting in the 1830s, gentlemen of higher social standing in the Red River Colony declined to consort with native and local women. Instead, they went to England and brought back English brides. After Confederation, this pattern continued on a larger scale. The Macdonald government implemented a scheme of female-assisted immigration from Britain to bring to Canada suitable wives for prairie settlers. It was quickly discontinued when it was discovered that certain "loose women" had come instead. Once more, there was a desperate shortage of women, because once more the government had not acknowledged sufficiently that homesteading, just like any other form of pioneering, required entire families rather than single men. Instead, official government advertising boasted: "Canada is a man's country, from the fact that all new countries first attract men, because the labour required for early settlement calls for that of a man rather than that of a woman." Immigration policy encouraged single men to apply as farm labourers or farmers. The lonely bachelor became part of the Prairie landscape. "The poor fellows, they lived on jam and graham crackers," one eyewitness remembers. "They were so pitiful." Neighbours would take them in for a Sunday dinner, but that was only small comfort. There were stories of failed efforts to take up farming without the help of a family, even of suicide.

Of course, being part of a family neither guaranteed economic success nor did it always bring happiness. Some families broke up over the inability of the wife and mother to accept life on the homestead; in other cases, the isolation and loneliness, compounded by the long absence of the husband, who took up extra wage labour in the winter, drove some women into mental illness. However, families had a better chance to survive and prosper. The secret of the Mennonite success in Manitoba, one government observer wrote in 1877, was "that every man, woman and child in the settlement is a producer. We saw women ploughing in the fields as we drove into the settlement. ... We saw very young children take out and bring in the cattle." Similarly, the Ukrainians who started arriving in the 1890s, settled in family units in bloc settlements. Surrounded by kin and friends, they farmed successfully on land that had been abandoned earlier by British or Canadian bachelor homesteaders.

The high ratio of eligible single men on the Prairies remained a concern — or an opportunity, depending on the point of view. By the turn of the century, middle-class women's organizations lobbied for the admission of British single girls, firmly believing in the civilizing influence of British women on a frontier society that was a bit rough around the edges. The government gladly obliged, fully aware of the high demand for domestics, not only on the Prairies but also in the growing cities of Central Canada. Many thousand British working-class women took up the opportunity to better themselves. Some used a position as a domestic as a stepping stone into Canadian life, and eventually into married life. Even educated women fared well in that respect. In a prairie town, it was said, a female teacher usually would get married within months. Other women accepted work as an alternative to, or escape from, marriage. Canadian companies, especially in the needle and garment trade, actively recruited experienced, female British labourers. A group of 700, for example, was brought to Paris, Ontario. None brought her husband or looked for one in a predominantly female town.

If some single women came to Canada for economic reasons, most single men fell into this

Provincial Archives of Alberta

A first home in the future province of Alberta, 1900.

Vancouver Public Library

A Chinese business on Pender Street, Vancouver, 1900.

category. At the dawn of the twentieth century, the immigrant worker became a fact of Canadian economic life, and labour-seeking sojourners began to outnumber land-seeking settlers. Although the myth of the primacy of the land lived on in official thinking until the 1950s, the influence of resource-extracting industries and transportation companies on immigration recruitment clearly led away from a family-centered program. Canadians no longer accepted certain low-status occupations. A British Columbia mining executive put it bluntly in 1903: "We need immigrant workers for the jobs Canadians won't do."

Work in the frontier jobs of railway construction, mining and lumbering was work for men without women. In some cases, this was not a choice the individual could make. Chinese workers, imported as "coolies" to help build the trans-Canadian railway, were prevented from bringing their wives and families, first by a high head tax and then by the infamous 1923 Chinese Immigration Act. As a result the Chinese community in Canada was overwhelmingly male until well after the Second World War. In 1931, only about five percent of adult Chinese Canadians were women. Among other immigrant workers, bachelor life was partly a choice. Many Italian workers in the early part of the century were not in fact bachelors. They had left wives and children behind and spent months or years in Canada as sojourners, intending to return to Italy or to reunite their families in Canada. Among these temporary bachelors, special lifestyles developed. Quite common, for example, was the boarding house, run by a family of the same ethnic origin. It provided familiar food and company — a substitute family.

In other cases, male friendships assumed a new importance. In the 1920s, young single men from the northeastern part of Germany flocked to Canada in search of their own piece of land. They often found that they had to pool their resources with a friend from home or a new acquaintance.

British orphans on the way to new homes in Canada, early twentieth century.

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A 26-year-old farmer, for example, who had immigrated in 1927, struggled in various seasonal jobs until he helped a friend from Germany immigrate two years later. Together, the two young men bought a farm and began to work the land, each accepting seasonal jobs to make ends meet. Another farmer in his twenties, who had established himself in the St. Walburg area of Saskatchewan, complained to his family in Germany about the lack of women but praised the spirit of camaraderie and mutual support that existed among his male friends in the area. When the 1920s gave way to the Dirty Thirties and farms no longer yielded a living, these young men would take to roaming the countryside in groups in search of work, food, and hope.

After the Second World War, the Canadian economy again demanded the importation of immigrant labour. At the same time, Canada's international obligations called for a contribution to solving the problem of Displaced Persons. Canada responded by extending the classes of admissible relatives who could be sponsored by a Canadian resident. Whole families without Canadian relatives could come to work in the sugar-beet fields of Ontario and Alberta where they would board with a farmer. Such was the demand that a "sugar beet family" in the government's definition could "include any relatives who are willing to live together and work as a family unit." The Canadian government also designed a scheme for single Displaced Persons without relatives in Canada: the so-called bulk labour scheme. DPs would sign a contract that obligated them to work for a certain company for a period of up to a year. Lumbering companies wanted single men under 40; mining industries were willing to admit a few married men but with the understanding that their families had to stay behind in Europe until such time as the breadwinner had settled in and found a dwelling. DP women could come as domestics, and of course age and marital status were important: they had to be young and single or widowed, and preferably without children. Also wanted were average intelligence and emotional stability. Medical exams included tests for venereal disease and pregnancy. The government in Ottawa was worried "that experiences through which some of these women have gone have had a bad effect on their characters and habits." What did have a bad effect was Canada's policy of looking for singles among families, and of offering domestic service to highly educated women. Some Lithuanian refugees, one of them a veterinarian, simply lied: "They didn't take married women but you arranged things." Married couples pretended to be separated, and applied separately.

"Everyone was restless — you had to go somewhere." This mood continued in Germany into the 1950s. Nearly 25,000 German women immigrated to Canada as domestics in those years. Their marriage prospects in postwar Germany were dim. Some of them hungered for adventure, others for security in a country that seemed physically untouched by war. The Canadian government also started to offer assisted passages to skilled workers. Only the breadwinner qualified and the family had to be left behind. It was up to Canada's churches and other volunteer organizations to arrange for travel loans for dependents, and to appeal to the government's conscience about a policy that kept families separated.

The introduction of the point system in the 1960s widened the gap, and exacerbated the contradictions between family-oriented policies and economically motivated ones. Independent migrants are still subjected to rigorous tests of occupational skills and other criteria. They lack a coherent voice in Canada that speaks on their behalf. On the other hand, family reunification schemes — although controversial — are now protected by a reasonably powerful ethnic lobby. Any politician who attempts to interfere with the family class will encounter the wrath of ethnic voters as Ellen Fairclough, the first female cabinet minister, found out in the Diefenbaker years. Abandoned by the Chief over an issue that caused controversy in nearly all parts of Canada and accused by Liberal Jack Pickersgill of discrimination against Italian Canadians, she had to withdraw her attempt to narrow the category of admissible relatives.

Looking back at our history, we quickly realize that the country was built jointly by the efforts of singles and families. The experiences of migration differed according to marital status, but the value of the contributions made by these immigrants was the same. With the inception of large-scale immigration from non-European countries and the changing nature of the family in our own society, however, new problems have arisen. Our culturally constructed and constricted definitions of the role and composition of the family are increasingly challenged by direct contact with other societies. Moreover, improved transportation and communication technologies more than ever allow families to act as economic and emotional units even when separated by vast oceans and land masses. The lines between so-called independent migrants and family class migrants have become blurred. The old question of singles and families in Canada's immigration policies requires some new thinking. ◆

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Bungo and the Byng Boys

General Sir Julian Byng on the road to Vimy Ridge

By Ian McCulloch

The common view of First World War battles is long lines of soldiers advancing towards the enemy in slow waves that shudder and falter as machine-guns mow them down, lambs sent to the slaughter by red-tabbed, red-hatted and red-faced generals ensconced in their chateaux well behind the lines and far from the action.

The classic, apocryphal narrative of the bankruptcy of British generalship is the one which is included in almost all accounts of the protracted, mudsodden attack on Passchendaele in 1917. After weeks of frustration, the attack in the Ypres Salient finally bogged down in early November and Lieutenant General Sir Launcelot Kiggell, of the Staff, paid his "first visit" to the fighting zone:

> As his staff car lurched through the swampland and neared the battleground he became more and more agitated. Finally he burst into tears and muttered, "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?"

This account is of doubtful historical authenticity but makes excellent Greek tragedy.

This image of all British generals as incompetent, uninformed and unimaginative "donkeys" has been perpetuated by some British historians, but does not do justice to the many senior officers of the British Army who were considerate, competent and innovative commanders who desperately sought ways of breaking out of the offensive mind-set and developing a professional approach to the challenges and stalemate of trench warfare.

Hundreds of thousands of Canadians, after the First World War, would have readily attested that a particular British general could be placed in such talented company. According to Canadian historian Jeffery Williams, Sir Julian Byng was the "inspiring, tough, competent and sympathetic" commander who transformed the Canadian Corps "into a superb fighting force and set them on the road to victory." In doing so, Williams claims, he won "not just their trust and admiration, but their devotion."

A cultured cavalryman born into the British aristocracy, however, was a most unlikely leader of the rough and ready Canadians. Byng, himself, questioned the appointment with the words: "Why am I sent to the Canadians? I don't know a Canadian? Why this stunt? ... however, there it is. I am ordered to these people and will do my best." But Byng was clearly not just any other spit-and-polish British general. He was casual in his dress, spartan in his habits, affable with all ranks, and, above all, extremely unorthodox. What were the formative events and circumstances that shaped this commander and imbued him with a flexible mind and a professional devotion to his men's training and welfare?

Julian Byng was born in England in 1862, the thirteenth child and seventh son of the Earl of Strafford. He was a descendant of the unfortunate Admiral John Byng, shot in 1757 by a firing squad on his quarterdeck for cowardice in the face of the enemy, "*pour encourager les autres*" in Voltaire's famous phrase. Julian Byng did poorly at Eton. While there, he was given the nickname of "Bungo" to distinguish him from two of his brothers, also enrolled at Eton, "Byngo" and "Bango".

When "Bungo" left Eton in 1878, his six older brothers were already serving in the Civil Service, Church and Army. Julian wanted to be a soldier, but his father could not afford to support another son in the Army. Byng's Army prospects looked bleak until Fortune smiled in the person of the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII). He offered Lord Strafford a vacancy for his youngest son in his own regiment — the 10th Royal Hussars — the most expensive regiment in the British Army. Julian's father could not refuse the future monarch's generosity but could cap his son's yearly allowance to a mere £200, 400 short of the accepted minimum for junior officers in the Tenth.

After a short tour in India, and a detour to fight in the Sudan on the way home to garrison duty in England, Byng found himself serving as adjutant of his regiment in October 1886. Byng was

ideally suited for the job, not only because of his impecunious state, but because he had a natural flair for it.

The next formative event in Byng's career was his attendance at the Staff College in Camberley in 1893. Successful completion of the two-year course was a major step along the way to advancement in the military profession. After a stint as squadron commander in his regiment, Byng became a staff major at Aldershot, working under General Redvers Buller, VC.

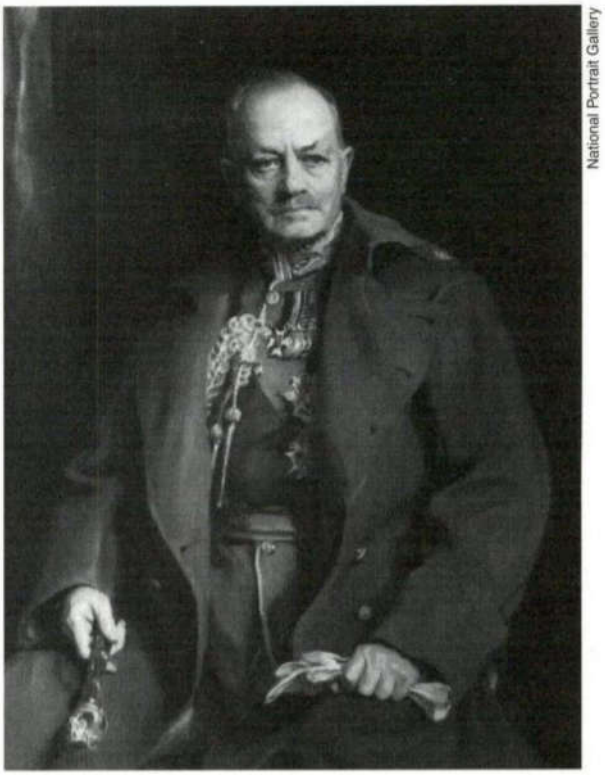
When war broke out in Africa in 1899, he was appointed Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal of Buller's Corps. Byng took valuable lessons away from the Boer War, himself a witness to three British Army defeats at Colenso, the Modder River and Stormberg during the infamous "Black Week". As a regimental officer, there was nothing Byng could do about the shortage and inadequacy of maps, the shortage of artillery or poor generalship, but he took stock, and stored the lessons away for use at a future time and place where he might find himself in command.

Byng was given the brevet rank of lieutenant colonel at the end of 1900. On his return to England in 1902 his star was on the ascendancy and he not only found himself a well-connected and suitable wife, but was appointed to the command of his own regiment, the Tenth Royal Hussars, in India, by the new king, Edward VII. From 1902 to 1914 his advancement was rapid.

In 1910 Byng was a Major General, and in command of the East Anglian Territorial Division. Two years later, he was commanding the British forces in Egypt, serving under Lord Kitchener. Byng was the youngest general on the staff of His Majesty's Regular Forces.

At the outbreak of the First World War, he returned to command the 3rd Cavalry Division which had a crucial role in stemming the German tide at the battle of First Ypres, his cavalry troopers plugging the gap in a threatened sector at Hooge and fighting it out with their rifles and machine-guns as dismounted infantry. Kitchener and Winston Churchill brought him belatedly to Gallipoli in August 1915 to try and help salvage a dying operation which Byng immediately saw was a hopeless cause. Within a week of arrival, his biographer tells us, Byng had instructed his staff to prepare a secret plan for evacuating Suvla Bay.

Finally, the orders to evacuate Gallipoli were reluctantly signed by Kitchener, and the British began a withdrawal in the face of the enemy, one of the most difficult and dangerous operations of war. That it was operationally successful was due, in no small part, to Byng and his staff. One of his aides wrote that "the General is in great form and jolly glad to get out of that bloody Suvla. There has not been much mention of his name as he does not advertise. ... I hope he gets all the credit he deserves for it." The evacuation of Gallipoli roused the admiration of professional soldiers everywhere, even in Germany.

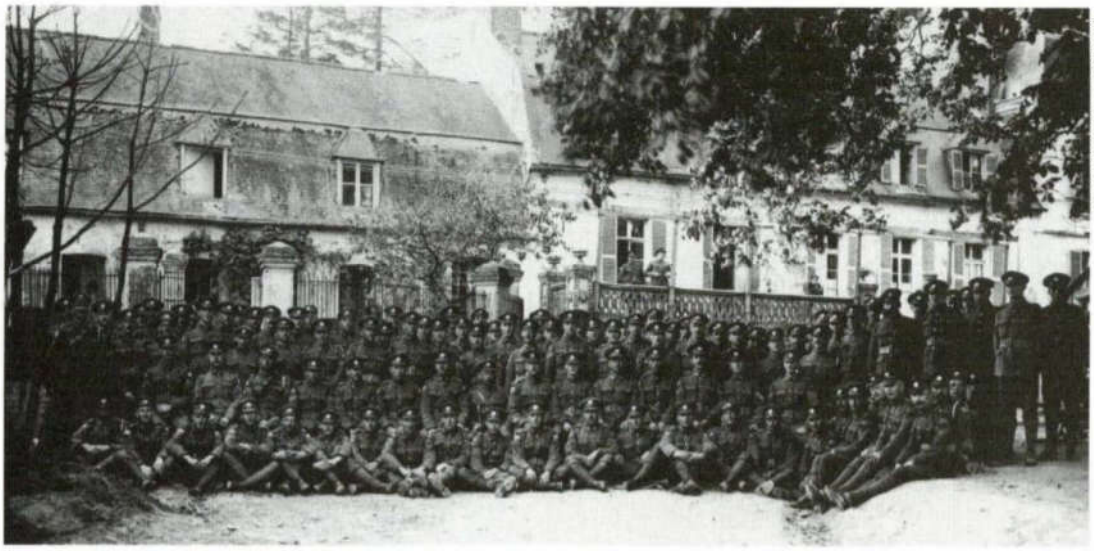


National Portrait Gallery

Field-Marshal The Viscount Byng of Vimy. By P.A. de Laszlo.

In February 1916 Byng was back in France, commanding the new 17th Corps which he found entrenched opposite the infamous, whale-shaped Vimy Ridge. It was here that he became "fascinated" by the Ridge, according to his biographer, and "spent hours reconnoitring it until he knew every contour." It was also here that he encountered, for the first time, a new type of First World War combat — tunnelling, counter-tunnelling and mine warfare — and he made himself an expert on this new and deadly approach to solving the riddle of trenches. After only three months in command of the 17th Corps in front of Vimy, he was ordered to report to HQ Canadian Corps at Ypres by 28 May and take command. Little did he know that he would return before the year was out to the Vimy sector in order to plan one of the most successful operations of the war.

One of Byng's new command responsibilities and immediate problems in the Canadian Corps was a political one — sorting out the controversy which had developed between the Corps and the Militia Department in Ottawa headed by the irrepressible Sam Hughes. Within days of Byng taking command on 28 May, the Germans took Mount Sorrel within the Canadian sector, killing the



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Non-Commissioned Officers of the Royal Canadian Regiment who were taken into Byng's confidence before the battle.

divisional commander, Major General M.S. Mercer, in the process. Byng received a message shortly afterwards which read: "Give Garnet 3rd Division — Sam." Garnet was Hughes' son, a brigade commander in the First Division. Byng disregarded the request and appointed Brigadier General L.J. Lipsett, a British regular he felt was better qualified. Brigadier General N.W. Farmar, Byng's British Chief of Staff, later recalled the first meeting of the new corps commander and Sam Hughes in an interview with Sir Arthur Currie's biographer, Hugh Urquhart, after the war:

> Sam wanted Garnet to command the Division. Byng said no. He had nothing against Garnet but there was a better man available for the post and the better man would get it. Canadians deserved the best man as a leader and they wanted that type, therefore as far as he was concerned they would get it. Sam fumed and strode around. He asked if Byng did not know that he [Sam] was in supreme command, and intimated that something would have to be "done about this" and so on. Sir Julian Byng intimated that his decision had been made and that he intended to abide by it, but, of course, Sam could get rid of him [Byng] if he wished.

Byng wrote to a friend that he had "presented an ultimatum the other day saying that I do not think I could carry on unless promotions and appointments were in my hands." To him, the Canadians "were too good to be led by politicians and dollar magnates, and if the credit of the Corps is to be augmented, the men must be led by leaders." In another letter he wrote that "to officer these splendid men with political proteges is to my mind little short of criminal." With Sam Hughes' resignation three months later, Byng no longer had to worry about political interference and could devote himself solely to training his "splendid men" for whatever operation might arise.

Byng rapidly deduced that his was a unique command. Having led two British Corps already, he knew they were "hollow horses" compared to the Canadian Corps. Normally a BEF corps controlled a sector and planned battles for whatever divisions passed in and out of its control. Byng realized that he had his own small army which he could train and influence without the continual "top-down" interference from the BEF command structure that paralysed open discussion, made innovation difficult and allowed faulty decisions to stand when subordinates knew of serious problems. Historian Desmond Morton has noted that "since GHQ and its army headquarters offered little more than grand directives and windy principles [during the First World War], corps and divisions had to develop specific tactics for the tough problems the Germans regularly created." In this regard, Byng was not shy and "had the brains and courage to experiment." He would rebuild the CEF from the "bottom-up".

Lieutenant General E.L.M. Burns, a Canadian brigade signals officer in the First World War, recalled that the homogeneity of the four Canadian divisions could never be understated. Byng, in his opinion, "stood in the first rank of the higher British commanders" and, though many British divisions "were as good or better than any of the Canadian divisions, and that British soldiers were just as brave as the Canadians", the Canadian Corps believed itself "to be the spearhead of the army" with "a guid conceit" of itself. This homogeneity of the divisions, stated Burns, was:

> a great advantage to the Canadians, at Vimy and in later battles, [and meant] that they always operated together, under a corps commander

and staff whom they could trust, and whose methods and abilities they knew and understood. In contrast, British divisions moved about from one corps to another, and sometimes suffered from misunderstandings arising from different operational and administrative practises in the different corps, and personality clashes between officers on the divisional and corps staffs.

How did Byng build and win that trust? The Canadians saw at once that he was thorough. Having drained his staff of all pertinent information, he proceeded to visit every unit of the 2nd Division in its sector, the formation which had recently been very roughly handled by the Germans at the battle of the St. Eloi craters. His biographer notes that Byng visited "every battalion" and that when he left, "his uniform dirty with the mud of the front line, the word spread that, if nothing else, the new Corps Commander had himself seen the quagmire of the St. Eloi craters." One of the battalion officers, D.E. McIntyre, a former furniture salesman, recalled:

> It took but a short time for his personality to make a favourable impression on the officers and men of the Corps. He showed us in his quiet unassuming manner, that he was an able soldier who had learned his trade thoroughly and could teach it to others. Heaven knows we had plenty to learn. Unlike some high-ranking officers whose minds functioned in a more rarefied atmosphere, Byng had the common touch and could take a rifle from an infantryman and show him more about it than the man ever knew. He understood and respected the average private and NCO. A soldier to him was not just a statistic or "other rank", but an individual.

Byng's links with the common soldier were thus forged early in his command. He seemed to be everywhere at once, usually on foot, dressed in frayed soldier's trousers, puttees and unshone boots, chatting, questioning and observing the ordinary Canadian soldier at work and rest. Dr. Andrew Macphail remembered an inspection in his diary entry of 23 July 1916: "General Byng was ready to make an inspection today and the parade was ready in the proper place; but he came into the horse lines through a hedge, jumping the ditch as unaffectedly as a farmer would come on a neighbour's place to look at his crops. This is a soldier — large, strong, lithe — with worn boots and frayed puttees."

Byng preferred to live like the rank and file as closely as was practicable. Because the troops got so little leave, he took very little himself. In four years of war, his wife saw him only five times. Food at Corps Headquarters during his tenure was deemed "execrable". He was content to eat whatever was on offer and usually packed sandwiches wherever he went. His wife commented in her autobiography:

> In wartime, Julian lived as nearly as possible like the rank and file, much to the misery of his staff. He wouldn't have a good mess, and I remember [his ADC, Capt. Basil Brooke's] description of occasions when going round inspecting, he would pull up the car on the roadside to eat a light lunch. If a solitary soldier came trudging along, Julian would beckon to him and hand over most of the food while having a friendly chat with him. ... Long afterwards, King George told me that he and Queen Mary were completely poisoned when they lunched with him, for, as he described it, "Bungo didn't live — he pigged — in France."

The Canadians came to know their Corps Commander by sight. He was 54 years of age, but

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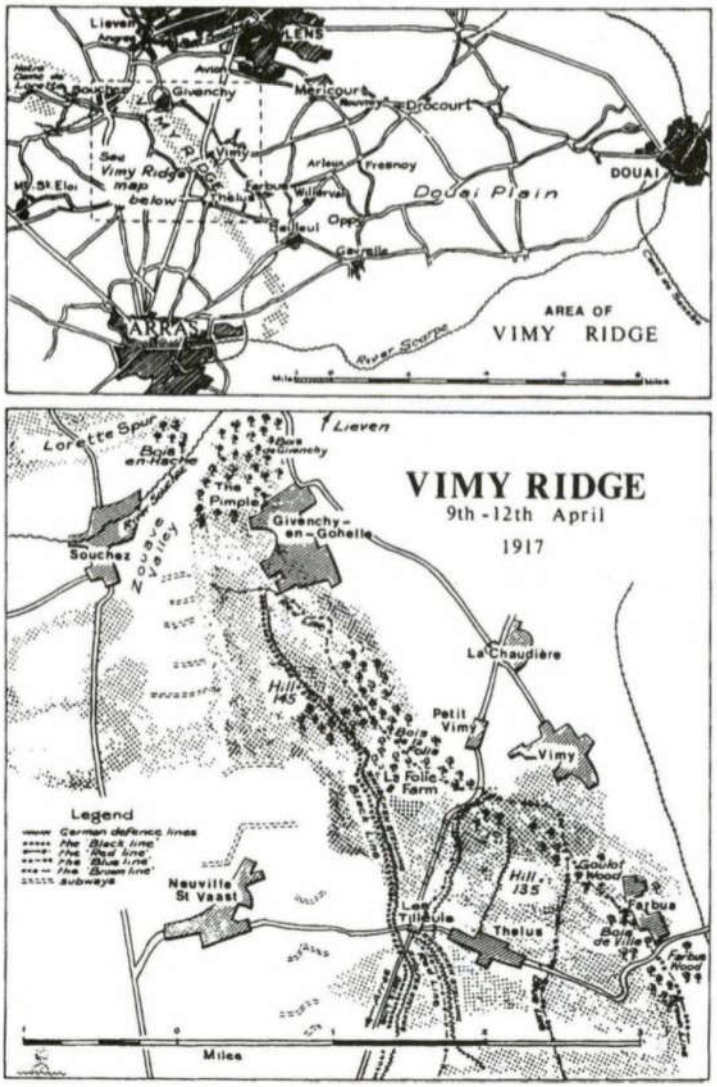
Canadian troops advance under fire on the way to Vimy Ridge, April 1917.

looked younger, a handsome man with knowing, but "sad" eyes, framed by a lean, weathered face and punctuated with the standard military mustachios of the day.

It was after the Battle of Mount Sorrel, June 1916, fought five days after Byng took over command of the Corps, that he realized a major overhaul of his staff and extensive formation and staff training was necessary to make his Corps more operationally effective. The Corps' response to the Germans' successful surprise attack and capture of three small hills from the green 3rd Canadian Division on 2 June was the hasty, uncoordinated and abortive Canadian counter-attacks of 3 June. Byng remained calm in the face of failure and ensured thorough staff preparations were made for the second attempt by Arthur Currie's veteran 1st Division. The latter's successful, deliberate counter-attacks in the early morning of the 13th recaptured Mount Sorrel for the Canadians and restored morale and confidence in the Corps, which needed victory after disastrous Canadian defeats of 1915 and 1916 at Festubert, Givenchy and St. Eloi.



Historian D.J. Goodspeed has suggested that Byng's order on 2 June that "all ground lost today will be re-taken tonight" was unrealistic as the Germans had been consolidating on their captured Canadian positions for some six hours before the order was issued and the staffs and chains of command thus had little time to respond. "In short, the time for an immediate counter-attack had long since passed and not nearly enough time had been allowed for the mounting of a deliberate counter-attack," claims Goodspeed. "In light of all this, it is difficult not to regard Byng's order as an emotional rather than as a rational reaction." Perhaps, in Byng's defence, it should be added that the new Corps Commander did not fully realize the professional limitations and capabilities of his staffs at each level to respond to such an order. Byng, after his first setback, resolved that his troops would be better served for the next attempt. Goodspeed's assessment of the attack mounted 10 days later, indicates that Byng and his staff had managed to iron out some of the wrinkles, but there was still room for improvement. It reads:

> On the whole, the deliberate counter-attack had been a thoroughly professional job. Special credit should be given to the accuracy and flexibility of the fire plan which had neutralized most of the German enfilade fire and had cowed many of the defenders before the assault. The fact that it had been a night attack and that smoke had been used to blind the defenders had contributed to victory, as had the generally fine administration and supply.

The lessons Byng and his staff learned at Mount Sorrel — thorough preparation, attention to detail and overwhelming artillery support — would become the trademarks that Byng would imprint upon the Canadian Corps staff for all future operations, though at the Somme he and his Corps were not given much scope for manoeuvre. Suffering 24,019 casualties on the Somme, they had been given no tactical latitude for innovation by General Sir Hubert Gough's HQ. Byng's biographer notes that "from Corps Commander to private soldier, they carried away a sense of frustration at the way in which they had been employed. ... For Byng and his Canadians, it was the first experience of sustained offensive operations under the intimate control of a higher headquarters. Their first instinctive conclusion was that there must be a better way to win battles."

The task given Byng and the Canadian Corps — to capture Vimy Ridge — was a defining moment in the operational history of the Canadian Army.

This ridge, generally considered to be the most dominant and tactically important feature on the whole of the Western Front was for the Germans, in the words of Byng's biographer, "the lynch pin joining their northern defensive line, which ran north through Belgium to the sea, to the new Hindenburg system in the south. To them it was not only of tactical importance. As long as they held it they could operate the Lens coalfields which were important to their war economy." Vimy Ridge thus acted as a catalyst upon Byng and his staff to completely rework corps tactics and organization based on studies of recent actions. A new attack doctrine specific to the Canadian Corps was now in the making.

Byng gave Major General Currie, GOC 1st Division, the job of co-ordinating the lessons learned and asked him to recommend applications for the infantry tactics and training to be conducted prior to Vimy. On completion of a detailed report, Currie went to Verdun in January 1917 for further study of the lessons learned by the French Army. On his return, Currie recommended to Byng that the policy of attacking in waves be discontinued and that the smaller, less vulnerable, platoon be established as the basic manoeuvre unit and used to spearhead attacks. He further advocated that platoons and sections be assigned easily recognizable objectives in the attack and that fire and movement drills be used to attain them.

Byng agreed and battalions organized four platoons per company on a permanent basis, each with four sections. Instead of companies advancing in line, halting until flanks were safe or the artillery had dealt with a problem, attacking infantry could now advance against an enemy post that held them up by using fire and manoeuvre. An infantry company would have four platoon teams, each capable of fighting its own small battle. "Leaders and men would know each other and, through briefings and rehearsals, all would know what to do," notes Desmond Morton. "It had taken a long time, but Canadian infantry would be organized and trained to fight their own battles and not to be patriotic automata."

The adoption of these tactics and their dissemination through the Corps and divisional battle schools that were set up, demonstrate the operational level of war at work. The developing tactics had a catalytic effect at the next level of war — the operational level — with Byng actually laying down measures to co-ordinate and fight his divisions and brigades forward in the Corps operations order. His instructions are highly reminiscent of German *stormtruppen* tactics of exploiting the weakest points and reinforcing success. Written at the Corps level, they constitute a definite awareness of operational manoeuvre. His revolutionary operational paragraph reads:

> In the event of any Division or Brigade being held up, the units on the flanks will on no account check their advance, but will form defensive flanks in that direction and press forward themselves so as to envelop the strong point or centre of resistance which is preventing the advance. With this object in view reserves will be pushed in behind those portions of the line that are successful rather than those that are held up.

Byng reshaped his artillery as much as the infantry. One of the main problems at the Somme had been the failure of the artillery to cut the wire, destroy trenches or provide counter-bombardment fire on German guns. Andrew McNaughton, who would command the Corps Heavy Artillery by the end of the war (and the Canadian Corps in the Second World War), wrote:

> General Byng was one of the first to grasp the significance of the lessons of the Somme and, with Major General Edward Morrison, set about perfecting our artillery organization. As the number of guns available began to increase, the existing artillery units had to be expanded and new ones raised. Technical skill had to be developed and previous lessons and teachings modified to suit the changing conditions. The field and horse gunners, accustomed to fighting under circumstances which enabled them to observe every round, had to cease at scoffing at corrections for temperature, barometric pressure, velocity and direction of wind, wear of guns and type of shell and fuse. And the heavy artillery, used to the utmost deliberation, had to learn speed. Accuracy of fire on unseen targets,

The Vimy Battle Honour: Every Canadian regiment after the First World War carried the battle honour "Vimy 1917" on its regimental colours.

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Canadian troops admire the view over the Lens-Douai plain from the top of Vimy Ridge, April 1917. After its capture, the Ridge remained in Allied hands until the end of the war.

> and the ability to shoot close over the heads of our own infantry, had to be acquired, and an organization built up which could effectively handle large masses of artillery.

Another key area in which Byng was tireless was the development of an extensive intelligence gathering network within the Corps. "Byng's intelligence organization was unique in the British armies," claims Williams. "Under the personal control of his own intelligence officer were air photo interpreters, interrogators, scouts, snipers, observers and collators. Working closely with the counter-battery organization, they assembled a detailed picture of the German defences on the Ridge and of the strength and habits of the garrisons who manned them." Trench raids and patrolling were conducted extensively before Vimy and brought in much useful intelligence, as well ensuring that the Corps dominated no man's land and denied German patrols any accurate intelligence indicating a build-up of forces in front of the Ridge.

The main key to operational effectiveness, Byng knew, would be training and he allocated each of his four divisions three weeks to master the new tactics. "Everything possible was done to promote realism," Williams notes. "Mounted officers with flags moved forward at the pace of the rolling barrage. Everyone carried what they would need in battle". An area near the French town of Servins was taped to scale to represent the prospective battlefield, detailing every jumping off trench, enemy strongpoints and the successive lines of enemy trenches they were to capture. Almost every day, Byng was there patiently accompanying battalions over the ground and pointing out the salient features. He exhorted officers to:

> make sure that every man knows his task. Explain to him again and again; encourage him to ask you questions. Remember also, that no matter what sort of fix you get into, you mustn't just sit down and hope that things will work themselves out. You must do something. In a crisis the man who does something may occasionally be wrong; but the man who does nothing is always wrong.

Officers and NCOs from all the assaulting battalions studied a plasticine model of the Ridge showing enemy trenches, pillboxes and dugouts. Byng went to extreme lengths to train company and battalion commanders and to get to know them as he believed they would play key roles in the upcoming battle.

Perhaps the ultimate gesture of trust and confidence by Byng, from the viewpoint of the Canadians, was his insistence that everyone should be fully knowledgeable on the plans for the attack. Williams notes that:

> By taking these men into his confidence Byng inspired them in a way which never could have been achieved by rhetoric or any other shallow device. A wide-scale issue of maps of the battlefield had a psychological impact on the soldiers quite separate from their satisfaction at receiving a useful tool. Formerly maps were for officers; marked maps were protected and rarely seen by the men. Now they were being given to corporals. It meant that they were trusted and had been given a share in the responsibility for the enterprise.

When Vimy Ridge was taken in April 1917, it cost the Corps 10,602 casualties, 3,598 of them dead. They had taken a seemingly impregnable position in a day and had advanced a further five miles beyond the German support trenches. "The

great lesson to be learned from these operations," read a 1st Division after-action report, "is this: If the lessons of the war have been thoroughly mastered; if the artillery preparations and the support are good; if our Intelligence is properly appreciated; there is no position that cannot be wrested from the enemy by well-disciplined, well-trained and well-led troops attacking on a sound plan." Byng, the professional soldier, could not have agreed more and wrote back in a private letter to his wife:

> The Canucks are saying very nice things to me, and one informed me that they couldn't have done [it] without the discipline and training which had been instilled into them for the last eight months. That is most satisfactory as it shews they are beginning to realize that bravery is not the only thing that is wanted and that without discipline it means loss of life without the compensating success. They are just bursting with bon-homie [*sic*] and grinning from ear to ear.

Andrew McNaughton later described Byng as the "wonderful commander who did so much to establish our identity, our unity of purpose and our general attitude towards life and our mission in it. He was, in fact, literally adored by all the Canadians who were in France." That love became mutual as the new commander formed a deep affection for the Canadians and resisted attempts to move him to a higher command.

On 6 June 1917, Byng wrote to his wife that "the dreaded blow" had come — his removal from his beloved Canadians, at the insistence of Sir Douglas Haig, to take command of the Third Army. A Canadian officer witnessing his goodbye to 2nd Division noted that Byng "was afraid to look at anyone lest he become overwhelmed with emotion" and, speaking quietly to the assembled officers told them "that the last year (during which he was Canadian Corps Commander) was the happiest of his life, if any year could be happy during the war".

There are many Canadian historians who have rightly noted that the Canadian Corps became a superb fighting machine by the end of the First World War, but these accounts invariably fail to give Byng, and the staff he put in place behind the scenes, their due credit. Byng rebuilt the Corps from the "bottom-up" after the Somme battles and handed over an operationally effective Corps to his protege. Arthur Currie, in turn, refined and subjected the Corps to some clever innovations of his own, especially prior to the last "100 Days" battles which required a more open, manoeuvre style of warfare.

Byng personally picked Major General Arthur Currie as his replacement and groomed him for the day he knew political exigencies would demand that a Canadian general officer command the Corps. Currie would learn much from the patient British cavalryman, a man whom Brigadier General Cyril White, the Anzac Chief of Staff, would describe as "an unambitious man without any desire for personal fame — a very rare thing in generals and a very precious quality in the eyes of those under them."

Idealism became an early casualty in the First World War for the Canadian Corps and was soon replaced with a strong sense of professionalism. That professionalism, one soldier wrote, was like "a silent bonding together of men who knew there was no other way out but to see the thing through." In a lethal environment, only the well-trained and fittest survive, and Byng ensured that his Canadians would not be sheep led to the slaughter.

The image of the Corps reaching its peak of performance under Currie has tended to overshadow the debt owed to Byng, who gave rise to the fighting machine the troops proudly called "The Byng Boys" during and *after* the war, despite the leadership and accomplishments of Byng's replacement. Colonel G.W. Nicholson, the Canadian Official Historian, has stated that the Canadian Corps was fortunate in its leaders: "To Sir Julian Byng must go much of the credit for laying the foundations of the Corps' *esprit de corps* and its splendid fighting efficiency." Indeed, one might go a step further and rightly claim that Byng was the father of the operational doctrine of the Canadian Army, as many of his innovations and procedures developed before Vimy in the areas of patrolling, intelligence-gathering, sound-ranging, logistical preparation, small unit fire and movement and training techniques are still with us today. ◆

Lieutenant Colonel Ian McCulloch of the Black Watch (RHR) of Canada is currently a post-graduate student at the Royal Military College in Kingston and is writing his thesis on the First World War.

Further Reading:

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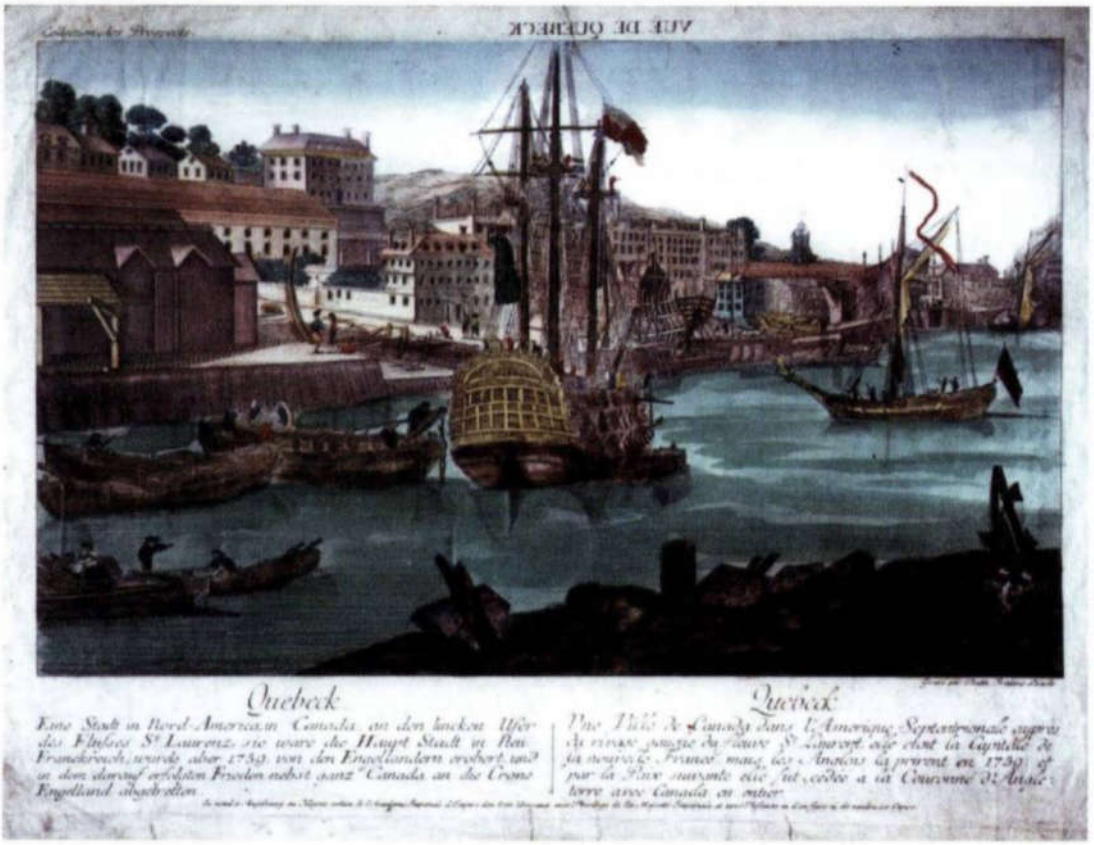
The Quebec That Never Was


VUE DE QUEBECK
Quebeck
Eine Stadt in Nord-America in Canada an den lincken Ufer des Flußes St Laurenz sie ware die Haupt Stadt in Neu Franckreich, wurde aber 1759. von den Engellandern erobert und in dem darauf erfolgten Frieden nebst ganz Canada an die Crone Engelland abgetretten
Quebeck
Une Ville de Canada dans l'Amerique Septentrionale scituée sur le rivage gauche du fleuve St Laurent, qui etoit la Capitale de la nouvelle France mais qui a Anglois la prise en 1759. et par la Paix suivante elle fut cedée a la Couronne D'Angleterre avec Canada en entier

How tempted would you have been 200 years ago to catch a glimpse of a faraway place through a new-fangled device called by such enticing names as the Cosmorama, the Optical Pillar Machine or the Magic Lantern? No need to travel too far in time to see that there is more than meets the eye in a group of five unusual views of Quebec City in the Canadian Print Collection at McGill University. The images have been copied in reverse, coloured in shades of pink, turquoise and yellow and the cityscapes they illustrate probably never existed. Quite ironically, these topographical scenes were produced by two Bavarian artists who probably never ventured further west than the British Isles.

By the latter half of the eighteenth century, printmaking had tapped into the lucrative travel industry. In much the same way that modern-day tourists take photographs or buy postcards as mementoes of their trips, for those fortunate enough to undertake a Grand Tour of Europe or the New World two centuries ago the acquisition of engraved views of places and attractions became the norm. The mass production of prints caused them to be relatively cheaper to purchase than paintings, they were available in many cities and

Eighteenth-century Magic Lantern tours to an imaginary new world

By Clarence Epstein

Prospect des Haupt Plazes der untern Stadt zu Quebec | Vue de la Place capitale dans la Ville basse a Quebec

"View of the Capital in the City of Quebec".

Prospect der obern Stadt zu Quebec auf dem Plaz wo man nach dem Mahlen Cavalier gehet | Vue de la haute Ville a Quebec avec la Place pour aller a Cavalier du Moulin

"View of the City of Quebec with the entrance to 'Cavalier de Moulin' ".

Prospect der Straße gegen der Kirche der Recolecten in der obern Stadt zu Quebec | Vue de la Rue des Recolets dans la haute Ville de Quebec

"View of 'rue des Recolets' in the upper Town of Quebec.

they could be rolled up quite conveniently on long journeys. The viewing of topographical prints was not, however, an exclusive pastime. Their affordability and wide distribution made them accessible to the lower classes who were just as curious to see the marvels of Constantinople or even those of the French and British colonies in America.

Entrepreneurs, aware of this potential new niche in the market, were quick to react. The Peep Show, as the new form of entertainment geared to the general public was called, came about due to the invention of an apparatus called an Optique or Prospective Glass. This instrument consisted of a mirror positioned diagonally to a magnifying lens in a frame. The print was placed underneath the Optique on the table with a candle beside for illumination. A viewer would look directly into the lens where he would see the view in reverse, slightly more enlarged and with some suggestion of three dimensions.

As a result of its growing popularity, publishers in Paris, London and Augsburg set out to reproduce thousands of old images which they would simply flip over, crudely colour, then resell as Prospective Views. Children loved them, while peasants drawn to the local fairs would line up to see the magic.

Thanks to the Bavarian publishers who marketed the ornamented prints as successfully as their predecessors had marketed woodcut books centuries before, by the end of the 1700s views created by local artists were known throughout Europe. Typically these engravers had never visited the places they depicted, instead relying on travellers' accounts, circulating prints and on their own imagination. Such was the case for the inventive representations of Quebec City illustrated by Balthasar Friedrich Leizelt (fl. 1775):

- Quebeck. Une Ville de Canada dans l'Amerique Septentrionale auprès du rivage gauche du fleuve St. Laurent, elle etait la Capitale de la nouvelle France, mais les Anglois la prirent en 1759 et par la Paix suivante elle fut cedée à la Couronne d'Angleterre avec Canada en entier.

and by Franz Xaver Habermann (1721-96):

- Vuë de la basse Ville a Quebec vers le fleuve St. Laurent
- Vuë de la Place capitale dans la Ville basse a Quebec
- Vuë de la haute Ville a Quebec avec la Place pour aller a Cavalier du Moulin
- Vuë de la Rue des Recolets dans la haute Ville de Quebec

Habermann was prolific. Not only did he produce over 500 works, but he was also one of the most original Rococo designers in his day. He had executed models for bronzes, watches and furniture as well. Leizelt was best known for his depiction of great battle scenes and for an interior view of the rotunda at Ranelagh Gardens in London (after Canaletto). Either one or both men had drawn topographical views of Rome, Versailles, Augsburg, and New York.

Not unlike their Peep Show prints of New York, the engravers' renderings of Quebec City were purely fictional. Two of these early Canadian views are listed in Charles P. de Volpi's *Quebec, A Pictorial Record* (1971) where the author points out what false impressions Europeans must have had of Quebec. No doubt the artists' misconceptions were passed on unashamedly to countless viewers who had limited reference points to the New World.

The description of each scene was produced in both German and French to allow for maximum circulation on the European mainland. Included in a smaller script at the bottom of each print was a notice advising the viewer that the work was sold in Augsburg at the Imperial Academy of Liberal Arts with permission of the Imperial Majesty and with restrictions neither to produce nor sell copies. Handwritten faintly on one view of the Upper Town is a description in Dutch, while on a modified version of another print the text was produced solely in French. In the latter view, British soldiers originally represented in red coats were now dressed in blue, perhaps as a subtle means of playing down the conquest of New France.

Overall, the group of Quebec City prints have several common traits: they were all originally designated as part of a larger "Collection des Prospects" printed in Augsburg; they have all been hand-coloured in similar shades; and, few if any of the buildings were architecturally accurate. Perhaps the greatest similarity lies in the artists' intentions to create a set of complimentary viewpoints using sky, river, road, building and personage as manipulative elements. While imagery took precedence over true likeness, the end product was no less interesting.

The cross-section of society depicted, such as groups of British soldiers on parade or leading away prisoners, labourers moving cargo and gentle-folk in conversation, seemed feasible enough. But to make the scenes appear more exotic for the European audience, the artists illustrated several Indian men whom they had clearly never seen. Amusing was the fact that they had merely dressed white men in red, green and yellow garb, inserted feathers in their caps and equipped them with swords, rifles, bows and arrows.

The architecture of Quebec City was equally as

"View of Quebec's Lower Town near the St. Lawrence River".

British landscape artist W.H. Bartlett actually visited Quebec in the early nineteenth century to create this accurate view of the town as seen from the opposite side of the river.

imaginative. Houses and churches are coloured pink and yellow; a public edifice is tinted in pink with its pilasters in turquoise. In one of the prints, the windows of several of the principal buildings have been cut out, allowing for different coloured mats to be placed underneath to make the scene appear more dramatic through the Prospective Glass. The rows of buildings which formed the backdrops were clearly Rococo-inspired; their shapes alternated between Dutch gable motifs, inventive castellated styles, arbitrary church steeples and in some cases imposing domes that would seem no less appropriate in Venice much less the New World.

McGill's Print Collection includes approximately 80 of these prospective views, with a very small percentage being of Canadian subjects. There is limited literature on the history of the technique, although we know that this type of print circulated in both Europe and the United States well into the nineteenth century.

What makes these works so remarkable is the fact that the manipulation of each image did not really require as much technical virtuosity from the artist to design as it did from the viewer's imagination to conjure. Canada was an exotic place for most Europeans of the age, whatever peep they could have of its mere existence was enough of an impression to satisfy their curiosity. ◆

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Hugh Dempsey

TALL TALES OF THE WEST

Illustrations by Jan Kamienski

From the earliest times, Westerners loved to tell exaggerated stories about their land. These were often for the benefit of gullible travellers, particularly effete Easterners who seemed to believe everything they were told. Some of these tall tales dealt with personal exploits, others with hunting adventures, and still others with the weather.

For example, in 1876 a Winnipeg merchant told some friends in Ontario about the cold winters on the prairies. If a hotel caught fire a person didn't need a fire escape; he simply poured a pitcher of water out the window and slid down the icicle. Sometimes the weather was so cold that coal-oil froze solid; when that happened, a chunk was chopped off, a hole drilled into it, and a wick inserted so it could be burned. He also swore that people weren't allowed to die in winter unless they gave a week's notice so a grave could be chopped in the ground.

In 1887, a Lethbridge visitor to Minnesota told of a man named Captain Jack who was travelling across the southern Alberta prairies in the dead of winter when he noticed 17 full-grown wolves following him. When they got so close that one of them began nipping at his sleigh robe, he pulled out his Winchester and shot it. At once, the other wolves pounced on their dead brother and ate him. The wolves took up the chase again but each time they got close Captain Jack shot at the pack and in that way he killed five more of them.

But the killing and devouring of the wolves seemed to make the others more violent and the man knew that it was only a matter of time before they would get to him. So he stopped the sleigh, took careful aim and one by one he picked off the rest of the wolves. Each time a wolf fell, its mates attacked it. Finally there was only one wolf left and it was so fat it could hardly move so Captain Jack lassoed it and tied it to his sleigh to use as a foot warmer. When he got to his destination, he killed the wolf and when he cut it open he was amazed to find 16 wolf pelts inside. He took these and made one of the finest wolf-skin coats ever seen in Alberta.

"This is a fact and every word true," said the visitor seriously. He had been told the story by Captain Jack himself and a "more honest man never lived".

Westerners liked to make fun of English semi-aristocrats who came out with hounds and sporting rifles to make a living in Canada. One practical joke was to tell a greenhorn visiting Calgary that the Rocky Mountains were just beyond the next hill and within easy walking distance. Usually, the Englishman returned to town at sunset, tired and dejected.

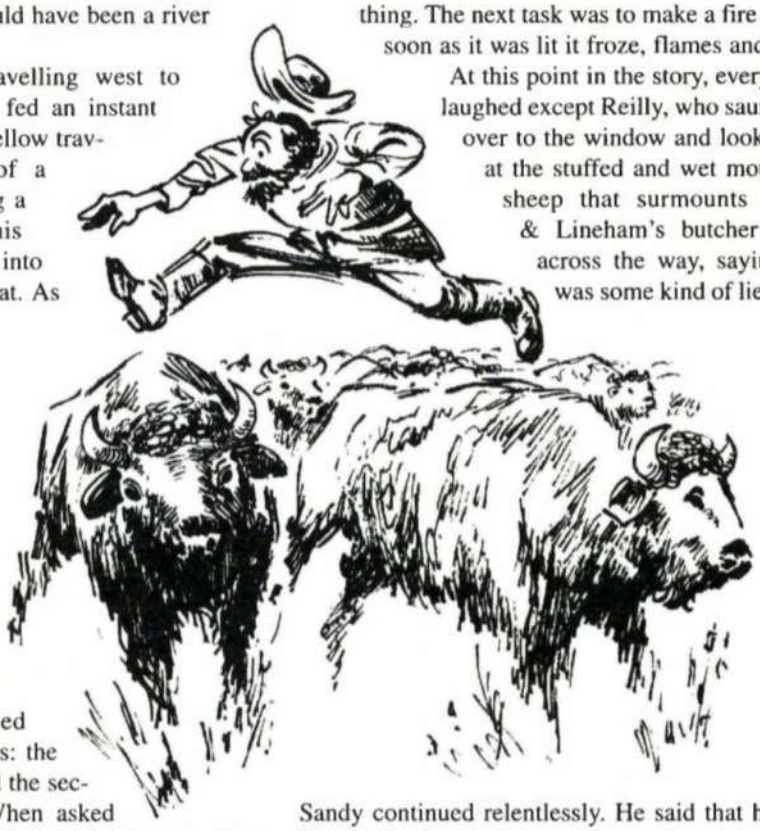
On one occasion, however, a young man failed to come back so a party went to search for him. The trail was easy to follow and at last he was found sitting sorrowfully beside a small stream while beyond it smoke curled up from a settler's cabin. The young man said he'd been

cold and miserable all night and when asked why he didn't go to the cabin, he said, "This is a very strange country. I set out for the mountains which I was told were just over the hill. I walked all day and I wasn't any closer than when I started. That's when I decided that distances look different here in the colonies. Things that are far away look close and things that are big look small."

"So what's that got to do with you spending all night by the creek?"

"Now you say it's a creek," he replied, "but for I all knew it could have been a river and I can't swim."

In 1906, a man travelling west to become a cowboy was fed an instant diet of tall tales by his fellow travellers. He was told of a cowboy who was roping a wild yearling when his stirrup broke and he fell into the loop of his own lariat. As he was being dragged along by his frightened horse, he fired two shots: the first to kill the horse and the second to cut the rope. When asked why he shot the horse first, instead of freeing himself, he explained the horse had a good saddle and he didn't want to lose it.



Another tall tale found its way on a wet Sunday morning into the lobby of James Reilly's Royal Hotel in Calgary. According to the narrator:

> The bartender had gone to church and we all sat listening to the constant drip, drip, drip, and felt very drowsy and dismal, when the Stephen Avenue door opened and in came Sandy Clifford, with the rain dripping from his fish-brand slicker. Sandy is an old prospector. He is one of those men who take truth as a pivot and swing around it in a circle. Sometimes the orbit is so small that he is very near the pivot, but that ain't often.

After he had settled down in one of James Reilly's comfortable overstuffed chairs, Sandy fired a stream of tobacco juice at the cuspidor, and missed. Then he told about one of his adventures while prospecting in the mountains of British Columbia. He started off by saying it had been terribly cold at night and when he awoke one morning Sandy found his camp was enshrouded with fog. "I'm durned if that ere fog warnt frozed right up," he said. When he arose from his blankets, the prospector scratched his face on a fleecy wisp of ice so he picked up his coat and swung it around to clear a place in the frozen fog for himself. Then he awoke his three mates and they did the same thing. The next task was to make a fire but as soon as it was lit it froze, flames and all.

At this point in the story, everybody laughed except Reilly, who sauntered over to the window and looked up at the stuffed and wet mountain sheep that surmounts Dunn & Lineham's butcher shop across the way, saying "It was some kind of lie." But Sandy continued relentlessly. He said that he and the boys lost no time in starting a new fire and they used that one to thaw out the old one. Pretty soon, the heat had thawed an opening over their heads "something the shape of the inside of an empty lime-kiln." When the prospectors broke their way through the ice fog to their horses they found them still asleep, standing in place and held up by the frozen mist. After breakfast, the camp was struck and the prospectors headed for higher country, breaking a trail through the fog. Just as they reached a point above the fog bank, a gale sprang up "and away went the frozen fog, the wind a-blowin' it down the canyon, tearing down trees, and big boulders rolled down the mountain side, a-crashin' through everythin' and the roar and din was something terrible. I tell ye, gentlemen, I war glad we got out of that place at the time we did!"

At that point the dinner bell rang and the crowd quickly made for the dining room, "leaving Sandy and his veracity severely alone."

As tellers of tall tales, the McDougalls at Morleyville mission were the masters of the art. There was a common saying that there were three big liars in the country, David McDougall was one and his brother John was the other two. This was not intended to be so much a criticism as it was an expression of admiration for the way the McDougalls could tell a story. John McDougall wrote half a dozen books about his missionary experiences and was never reticent about extolling his own prowess on the trail. In his accounts, he could always run faster, hunt better, and find his way through blizzards easier than any man alive.

The redoubtable Bob Edwards of *Calgary Eye Opener* fame was a great admirer of the Rev. John and when the latter was running for the legislature in 1913 he wrote an article which was reputedly McDougall's campaign speech. It was, in effect, an exaggeration of McDougall's own tall tales. Here are some of the excerpts:

> I remember some 44 years ago driving my dog train from Battleford to what is now Calgary in 57 hours, with the thermometer 87 degrees below zero, and a wind blowing 110 miles an hour, and pitching my tent right on the spot where the *Calgary Herald* is now located. It is a scurrilous sheet. My faithful Indian attendant, Mooschook, whose life I had saved some years before when a marauding band were about to burn him at the stake, came to me after I had partaken of my frugal repast and said, "Waugh, waugh, nitchi keewan squawk goofchuk kibosh yawp," which means, "There will be a mighty city here some day."

Edwards then recounted how McDougall spoke of votes for women and of extending the franchise to Indians — moves with which he fully agreed. The speech continues:

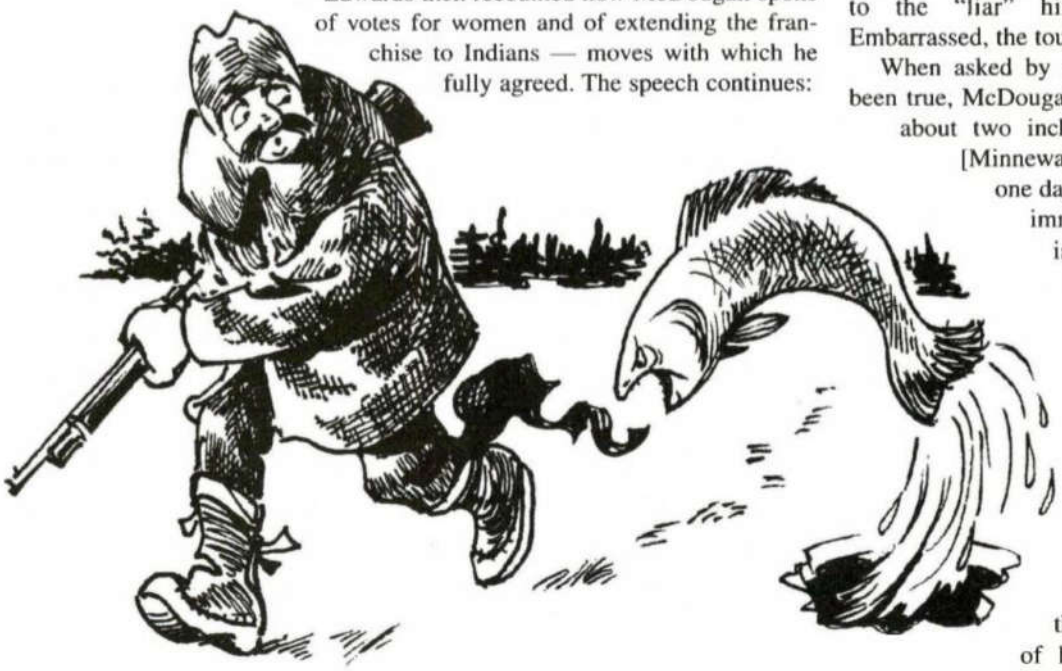
> I recall very clearly one day a way back in the '70s when I happened to be swimming the Saskatchewan River opposite the old Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton with two aged Indians on my back, the thought came to me that if Indians had votes, the man who could talk their lingo would become a power in the land.

McDougall supposedly concluded his speech by saying that 4,000 people had stopped him on the street and assured him of their support. (Calgary had a voting population of only 6,000.) One of them was an old man whom McDougall didn't recognize. "Don't you remember," the man insisted, "a trapper being hotly pursued one hot afternoon many years ago by an enraged grizzly, and you appeared over a rock and sent a bullet plumb through his left eye and saved my life? Doctor, I am that trapper."

Reality, however, wasn't so kind, for McDougall lost the election to Conservative Thomas Tweedie.

As for David McDougall, he relished the role of being one of the West's best tellers of tall tales. One of the earliest records of his story-telling prowess occurred in 1883 when a group of Eastern tourists arrived on the newly-built railway. One of them went to the trading store at Morleyville and asked "if McDougall, the noted liar, lived there." The host, without identifying himself, invited the man inside and listened while the visitor ridiculed some of McDougall's stories that he had heard, particularly one about catching a 40-pound trout by luring it with his moccasins. At this point, Mrs. McDougall became angry at the mocking tone of the man's voice and told him that he was speaking to the "liar" himself, David McDougall. Embarrassed, the tourist got up and left.

When asked by a bystander if the story had been true, McDougall vouched for it. "There was about two inches of ice on Devil's Lake [Minnewanka] as I was walking over it one day, and to my surprise I saw an immense fish dart at the red lining of my moccasin, which was hanging out an inch or so. I knew he would come back, so I got my rifle ready, and as he darted at it again, I shot him dead through the ice. He was a whopper!" When asked if it was 40 pounds, he couldn't help but add the comment, "Well, mostly. There were three or four whitefish inside of him of about two or three pounds each."



Most of McDougall's tall tales were pure fantasy. Here are some examples:

One winter it was so cold that the creeks froze to the bottom and instead of water flowing along, the ice began to move about the same speed. When it reached the Bow, that river was already full so there was nothing else for the creek to do but to double back on itself. It then moved upstream to its source where it doubled back again. The weather stayed cold most of the winter so that the creeks were soon piled on top of themselves four or five times. People in Calgary looking to the west thought the mountains were coming to town.

"We had to tunnel through those creeks to get from one place to another," said McDougall. "And we had to keep making new tunnels, too, as the old tunnels kept moving up above our reach."

In January there was a brief thaw but during the night the weather turned cold so fast that it popped the rabbits and gophers out of their holes. Not only that, but the air was so cold they remained suspended there, six or eight feet off the ground, until spring. "There were so many of them," said McDougall, "that a man couldn't go out without bumping his head. ... The only way we could get a glimpse of the sun was to take an ice axe and climb up the side of one of the creeks."

While on the subject of cold winters, McDougall said he was driving his bobsleigh from Morleyville to Calgary during a bitterly cold day when he was caught by the warm winds of a chinook. As he raced along, the snow began to melt and for the last 25 miles his front runners were in the snow and his back ones were kicking up dust! Not only that, but when he got to Calgary, he found his feet were frost-bitten while a woman in the back seat of the sleigh was suffering from sunstroke.

On another occasion, there had been so much snow during the winter that the mission church at Morleyville was completely buried except for the steeple. When the Stoney Indians came to Sunday service, they tied their horses to the steeple and went down a snow tunnel to the church. One day a chinook wind struck and by the time the Stoneys got outside, the snow had melted and the horses were all hanging from the steeple.

A further weather tale involved a cyclone that passed through the Stoney Reserve. A native woman who was standing in its path had her blanket swell out like a parachute and she was carried high into the air. There she spun around like a top until she reached the edge of the twister, then gently floated to earth again.

This teller of tall tales said he also had an adventure while out hunting. As he closed in on a lone buffalo, he saw a huge herd stampeding towards him. He raced his pony at full gallop but just when he thought he could get out of their way, his horse stepped in a badger hole and threw him. McDougall thought quickly. When the first buffalo approached, he gave a mighty leap and landed on its back. From there he jumped from buffalo to buffalo until he reached the edge of the herd and made his escape.

Weather always seemed to be the favourite topic for stretching the truth. While boards of trade were telling lies to prospective settlers about the tropic-like conditions of the West, others were writing fanciful accounts of the terrible winters. For example, in November 1892 a man from Alberta told his friend in Nebraska that he had 16 stoves in his four-roomed house, a winter's supply of water in the cellar, 15 overcoats to cover his cattle, and "my wife is knitting stockings for the geese and ducks and we have put leggings on the dogs and cat." He said it was currently 84 below zero "but when the winter comes we expect it will be quite frosty."

Perhaps one of the strangest tall tales about weather is one which probably backfired on the prankster; his story ultimately reached the press and reflected badly upon his home town. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the northernmost point for weather forecasting was in Medicine Hat and Americans became accustomed to hearing of winter storms that seemed to originate at that point. Accordingly, it received the nickname as the "town where the weather comes from." In 1899, a traveller from St. Paul, Minnesota, visited Medicine Hat and was told some wild stories about the severity of the winters. Here is one of them:

> Just west of the town is a deep ravine, which was formerly the bed of the river and which

attained a depth of nearly 60 feet. This place fills with snow early in November of each year, and its sides are not seen again until the breakup in the latter part of May. No man can say how many lives have been lost in this ravine, which is known as "death's hollow", travellers across the prairie walking on its smooth but treacherous surface and sinking from sight almost instantly, never to regain their footing. The snow in this ravine has some mysterious force, similar to that of quicksand, which draws its victims down suddenly and engulfs them. Action has been taken repeatedly to bridge over the dangerous chasm, but each year that a bridge is built it is swept away by one of the first blizzards of the season, which come on an average three times a week.

The prankster also said that everyone in Medicine Hat remained confined to their houses from the first blizzard until the following spring. The weatherman had a stone house to protect him and his family against the elements "and some years none of them see the outside world from 1 November until late in May."

The only trouble with the stories were that a gullible American believed them and published them in a Minnesota newspaper. Indignant Medicine Hat residents saw the tall tales not only as "libellous upon the fairest climate in the temperate zone," but also a discouragement for future immigration.

Some Western stories were not tall tales but true, or almost true, accounts of actual incidents. One tale involved a practical joke played by the irascible P.J. "Paddy" Nolan, an early Calgary lawyer. He was on the campaign trail with Arthur Sifton, then a member of the North-West Council and later the premier of Alberta. They came to a rough coal mining town and after a successful public meeting, the two politicians were taken to the town bar where everyone dipped into the liquid refreshments. All, that is, except Sifton, who was a strict teetotaller.

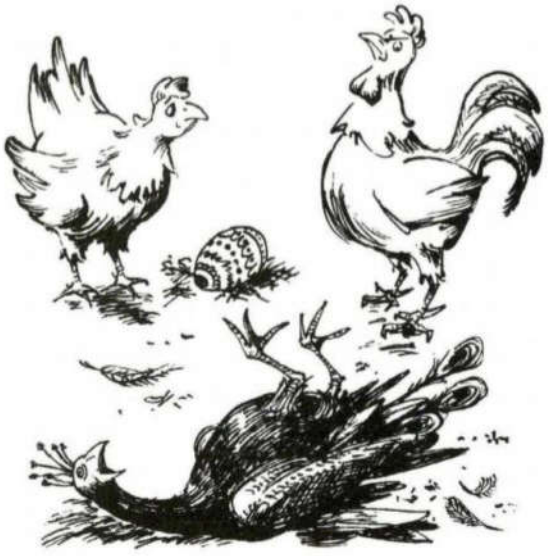
One of the miners noticed this and said, "Hey, you, what's the matter? You refuse to drink with us, or are you a fish and only take water?" The other miners looked questioningly at the councillor and he could see his support melting away as long as he refused to drink.

But then Nolan stepped up and said in a loud whisper, "Shut up, you fool! Do you want to get this place closed down? Don't you know he's interdicted and if he's found in the bar he'll be arrested!" The belligerent man was silenced and the miners now looked on Sifton with a new respect. The premier hadn't heard the exchange and later, when he learned what had happened, it took all of Nolan's persuasive powers to make him see the humour of the incident. Sifton was not a humorous man.

Then there was the true story about Richard King, a Westerner who was interviewed by a reporter in Buffalo, New York. King bragged that he owned a ranch on the outskirts of Calgary. According to the reporter, "A curious crowd gathered round him while he related several stories of the North-West. He spoke of hunting and the weather. The former, he said, was good, the latter bad." He told about the cold winters and how people had frozen to death, especially if they had been drinking and had wandered away. It all sounded very impressive, but the *Calgary Herald* added a footnote:

> The above paragraph refers to R. King, the celebrated hen rancher, of Priddis. The stock of his ranch has, however, considerably depreciated of late years, having come down some time ago to one hen which he has had out on shares for about four years. He is a great character and is well known to all Calgarians.

And finally, there is another chicken story, this time from Bob Edwards. There was a hen on a ranch that was crazy about sitting on eggs and if it couldn't find an egg, then it sat on a round white stone, a doorknob, or anything that looked like an egg. At Easter, one of the cowboys suggested giving her some of the gaily painted eggs which had been left over from their breakfast. The hen clucked in pleasure and happily took them into her nest. A little later, the rooster came by, took one look at the hen and the coloured eggs, and went out and killed the peacock. ◆



Hugh Dempsey is Chief Curator Emeritus of the Glenbow Museum, Calgary, and the author of many books on Western Canadian history.

Jacques Lacoursière

Quebec's History Man

PIERRE BERTON AWARD WINNER
INTERVIEWED BY CHRISTOPHER MOORE

In Montreal on 9 November, Canada's National History Society presented the third annual Pierre Berton Award for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history to Jacques Lacoursière. Lacoursière has no equivalent in English Canada. He writes and broadcasts solely about history, and yet he has become a media personality. He is not a professor, but the academics have honoured him with election to the Royal Society of Canada. Not merely an author of best-selling books, he has also been the driving force behind newspapers and magazines devoted entirely to history. A prolific writer, he is also heard constantly on radio and he has provided the backbone of historical research for television programs ranging from dramas to quiz shows. Lacoursière describes the popularizing and distributing of historical knowledge and awareness that he does as *vulgarization* — which sounds like an insult in English but is a proud claim in French.

Beaver: Do you know Pierre Berton, by the way?

Lacoursière: No, I don't. I know his work, but we have never met.

Beaver: Instead of being a professor of history, writing scholarly monographs, you have always done history for general audiences, working in many forms and media. What was the origin of that kind of career?

Lacoursière: I always wanted to reach the largest possible audience. I've never written for a small group of specialists and I never wanted to. I always wanted to be a *vulgarizateur*, and to speak to the general public about history.

Beaver: You live in Quebec City now. Were you raised and educated there?

Lacoursière: No, I was born in Shawinigan — the home of Jean Chrétien! — in 1932. I never had such an extensive academic training. I studied at the University of Ottawa, where I completed a master's degree with Marcel Trudel [Trudel, a master historian of New France, was one of the founders of the modern profession of history in Quebec].

Beaver: In 1963, you and a group of others launched *Le Boréal Express*, [*Northern Express*] a unique newspaper that treated historical events as if they were tabloid news stories. Issues of the newspaper eventually covered the first 300 years of Quebec history. Was that the start of your career as a popularizer of history?

Jacques Lacoursière: history for the people.

Lacoursière: Yes. I was teaching a university course in Trois-Rivières, and I was looking for a way to do history that would grab the interest of student teachers. Denis Vaugeois and others and I began the *Boréal Express* then.

Beaver: *Boréal Express* became famous, I think, even among people who never read it in the original newspaper format, for its original way of treating history. Was it well-received right from the start?

Lacoursière: Yes, in fact it was too great a success! Our greatest problem was coping with the demand for subscriptions and copies, right from the start.

Beaver: You have also written survey histories in magazine form, often running to hundreds of thousands of words, in short, easily-read segments. *Notre histoire: Québec-Canada* [which was translated as *A New History of Canada*], was sold as a magazine in supermarkets and on newsstands, and later bound into book form. Do you enjoy writing

that kind of survey history for general audiences?

Lacoursière: Yes, very much. I also wrote a more standard school text, *Canada-Québec*, which for 15 years was the main history textbook used in Quebec's francophone high schools. And the books I am currently publishing, the *Histoire populaire du Québec*, are based on *Nos Racines* [*Our Roots*], another series originally sold in magazine format. The book versions have a printing of 19,000 copies, which is a very substantial number for a French-language title. Denis Vaugeois is my publisher again, and he's quite happy about that.

Beaver: You are also very frequently on the radio in Quebec.

Lacoursière: Currently, we have a two-hour program about history every Sunday morning from seven to nine. For example, we have a regular segment called "Rien du Nouveau sous le Soleil" ["Nothing New under the Sun"]. Last week we connected a recent report of a UFO sighting at Louiseville, between Quebec and Montreal, to a nineteenth-century report — also from Louiseville! — about a meteor spotted in the sky. In the second hour last week, we had a panel discussion on the place in history of Robert Bourassa. Each week it is one of the most listened-to programs of the day.

Beaver: You have worked frequently in television as well, including doing the research for the historical drama "Duplessis". Describe the history quiz you did.

Lacoursière: I helped create and produce "Trouvez l'Erreur" ["Find the Mistake"]. We put on sketches of historical events and challenged the contestants to spot the mistakes we intentionally put into them. The panelists were teachers and historians and other knowledgeable people, and since the prize we offered was a trip to Europe, we always had lots of contestants.

At the moment, I am researching and writing for a thirteen-week television history of Quebec, which will be one of the biggest-budgeted documentary television programs ever made in Quebec.

Beaver: Do you have an ambition for your historical work, a particular lesson or message you want to teach?

Lacoursière: Just to encourage those who find it interesting to go on, to do their own researching and learning about history.

Beaver: You have covered all of Quebec history. Is there a period or aspect that is a particular favourite — or one that is particularly difficult?

Lacoursière: I have ranged all across Quebec history. If there is a period that is particularly difficult to get people interested in, it is probably Confederation — really, the period from the Union of 1841 to Confederation. People think it is all about politics, and they don't think the politics are interesting. It is a very important time, but not an easy one to present.

Beaver: I think it is the same in English Canada! You have been successful in finding audiences for history in all the media you have worked in. But you must also hear complaints about the state of history, about how the young people don't know enough history.

Lacoursière: I recently served on a Working Group on the Teaching of History in Quebec. We recommended to the Ministry of Education that history should be an obligatory subject in all grades. As you may know, we have had a commission called the Estates-General on Education in Quebec, which reported just last week. It agreed that history is an important subject, but it did not go as far as we did in proposing that it be required at all levels. Our working group report was also criticized by some nationalists in Quebec for emphasizing that English-Quebecers, native peoples, and all the ethnic Quebecers must be included in our history courses. They said we were too *pluri-culturelle*. But you cannot understand Quebec without understanding all the groups that make up its history.

Beaver: Denis Vaugeois, whom you worked with on *Boréal Express* and who is once again your publisher, went into politics and was one of René Lévesque's cabinet ministers in the 1970s. Have you also been politically active?

Lacoursière: No, I haven't. I have worked for government departments and cultural and educational agencies, but I prefer to remain on that level, behind the scenes. Since 1990, for instance, I have been vice-chair of the board of the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Ottawa-Hull.

Beaver: What's in the future for your histories?

Lacoursière: The thirteen-part television history is coming, and I have to complete the last two volumes of my *Histoire populaire du Québec*. And when that is done, I plan to produce a dictionary of surnames of Quebec, giving the histories of the family names of Quebec. ◆

Here First

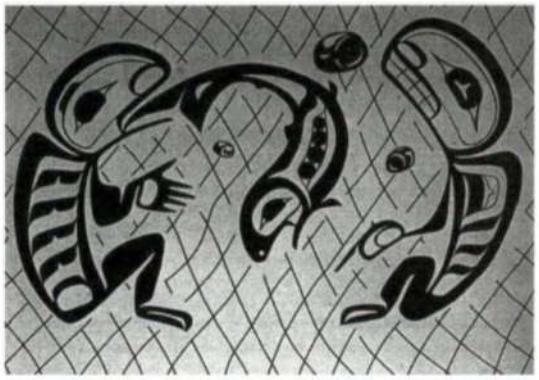
By SARAH CARTER

I HAVE LIVED HERE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
An Illustrated History of Canada's Native People
By Arthur J. Ray.
Lester Publishing/Key Porter Books, Toronto, 1996.
398 pp., illus. $40.00.

From the very beginning, *I Have Lived Here Since the World Began* is an intriguing and provocative book. The title is taken from a Micmac folktale of the 1800s which expresses the view of First Nations that they have lived in North America from time immemorial. Throughout the book Ray presents the perspectives and voices of Canada's indigenous people. This is obvious even in the subtitles such as "The Land as History Book", and "Selling Old Winter Coats to Foreign Fools". This book continuously compels readers to confront entrenched concepts. One still does not expect for example to read about First Nations people under the title "Canada's First Explorers and Settlers", categories normally reserved for Europeans. Accounts of "First Encounters" are usually heavily weighted toward or exclusively concerned with the European side, which is not the case in this book.

It should not surprise readers, however, that Arthur J. Ray is the author of this innovative book. With his 1974 *Indians in the Fur Trade* (University of Toronto Press, Toronto), Ray profoundly altered our understanding of Aboriginal and Canadian History, and he helped to establish Aboriginal history as an important field of study, as worthy of attention as the Fathers of Confederation. Ray challenged the standard Diamond Jenness interpretation of Native people as passive and dependent in their relations with Europeans, arguing that the Cree and Assiniboine of the Western interior took an active role in their relationships with Europeans, pursuing goals of their own, taking advantage of new economic developments and resisting those that offered them no benefits. Ray has always consistently maintained that Aboriginal people participated in the trade for reasons that were not fundamentally different from those of their European counterparts. Aboriginal people had conceptions of commerce, and systems of land ownership and management. These ideas were further developed in his books *"Give Us Good Measure"*, with D.B. Freeman (University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1978) and *The Canadian Fur Trade in the Industrial Age* (University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1990).

These themes remain prominent in *I Have Lived Here Since the World Began*, a clearly-written book that brings together and integrates recent historical writing, as well as oral histories, for a general readership. There is an emphasis upon economic history, but the scope is very broad — from earliest times to the present day. Ray notes correctly that there have been many highly specialized studies of particular groups or regions in specific eras produced in recent years, but little has been published for the general reader, and the highly varied nature of the historical experiences of Canada's Aboriginal people remains largely unknown. This became particularly apparent to him, he notes in the preface, when he was appearing as an expert witness on behalf of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Tribal Council in *Delgamuukw v. Her Majesty the Queen*. This was a suit for title and joint jurisdiction to their 22,000-square-mile ancestral homeland in the Skeena region. The cross-examiners wished to know why his interpretation of the early post-contact history of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en was so different from that he developed for the Cree and Assiniboine. In his book Ray vividly illustrates the reasons for diverse historical experiences of diverse people occupying diverse environments. At the same time this broad approach allows Ray to provide insight into similarities in experience. He notes for example that the experience of West Coast Native people in the industrial fishery parallels that of other groups in the commercial fur trade. Initially both industries were "in tune with ancient Native ways of life", and initially both relied upon Aboriginal labour and harvesting skills. But in each case it was the non-Native people who amassed most of the wealth, usurping control of the resources and marginalizing the Aboriginal participants in the process. The weight of government policy also ensured some similar patterns resulting in Aboriginal groups being pushed to the economic margins. Ray finds there to be a basic conflict in government policy that has persisted to the present — while the government had a fiduciary obligation to protect Native economic interests, and a vested interest in encouraging Native economic advancement, it also had to finance and promote development, and it did not want to help Native people compete against non-Native settlers in the marketplace.



"Marshmallow Wars" by Art Wilson. In a 1986 incident B.C. natives pelted fisheries officials with marshmallows to protest against government policies.

This is not the kind of book destined to gather dust on the shelf. The careful-

ly-chosen illustrations enhance the theme of the diversity of people and their economic activities. Many of the drawings and artifacts were created by Aboriginal people.

Some readers may be disappointed that Ray has not taken the opportunity to wade into some of the debates that his earlier work has generated, such as the issue of the pre-contact location of the various Cree groups. Many of these debates appeal only to specialists, however, and this book is not aimed at them. It is written with commitment and passion. Ray argues that we need to develop a North American law that treats people who "have lived here since the world began" with respect. Ray was clearly dismayed at the finding of the Honourable Chief Justice of the British Columbia Supreme Court, Allan McEachern, in 1991. McEachern characterized the pre-contact life of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en culture as "nasty, brutish, and short". "Thomas Hobbes's theory of natural man," Ray writes, "which fell out of fashion in the 1700s, lingered like a dinosaur in the chief justice's courtroom." McEachern rejected virtually every scrap of the oral history testimony, concluding that this evidence did not hold up under cross-examination. The McEachern ruling, Ray argues, sent a clear message to Aboriginal people: "stop wasting time and money in court; get on with your lives." As Ray notes, however, these lengthy legal exercises have created massive documentary records that demonstrate what the Aboriginal world was and is like. Indian and Metis claims have fostered a reconsideration of all aspects of their history, forcing non-Native Canadians to redefine their concept of Canada, symbolized by the recent public acceptance of the idea that Aboriginal people were Canada's "First Nations". Arthur Ray has also played no small role in forcing Canadians to abandon outdated ideas about the history of Aboriginal people.

Sarah Carter teaches history at the University of Calgary. She is co-author, with Treaty 7 Elders and Tribal Council, Walter Hildebrandt, and Dorothy First Rider, of "The True Spirit and Original Intent of Treaty 7" (McGill/Queen's University Press, 1996).

Cameras in the Mountains

By DAVID ROZNIATOWSKI

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT: Early Mountain Photography in British Columbia and Alberta, 1865-1939.
By Brock V. Silversides.
Fifth House,
Saskatoon & Calgary, 1995.
184 pp., illus. $29.95.

I doubt if any reader of Brock V. Silversides' concise, well-researched, informative and entertaining text will ever again take for granted the experience of travelling through the mountains of Western Canada and stopping for a few brief moments to record on film a scene of natural majesty, breathtaking beauty and infinite variety. The first photographers to visit the Western mountain ranges experienced the same emotions of wonder that we do, but their enterprise, undertaken for reasons that eventually ranged from geographical surveys to ethnological and anthropological studies of native peoples, and even tourism promotion, was carried out in conditions that demanded Herculean stamina and resourcefulness. Look at the landscapes in many of the photographs in this volume and try to imagine transporting up to 225 kilograms of photographic equipment, including boxes of glass plates on which images had to be recorded, over such terrain. More than one photographer wrote mournfully of the nightmare experience of losing equipment and negatives in the rapids of tumultuous mountain rivers.

As is appropriate to a volume that is both a photographic history and a history of regional photography, pictures predominate over text in five of the six sections of the book. The introduction contains the largest amount of expository material, with an overview of the progress of photography in Alberta and British Columbia. The remaining five sections briefly examine photography in relation to the Gold Rush, the building of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways, the development of national parks, with the beginnings of a tourist industry in Western Canada, and the rise of mining and logging industries in British Columbia. The reader is thus presented with an ambitious pictorial record of a significant portion of Western Canada's economic, political, and social history.

The photographs have been well chosen in relation to their function both as thematic illustrations and historically significant artifacts. It is important to remember that these images were, with the possible exception of tourist promotional material, not intended as artistic photography, so that readers who expect landscapes of an Ansel Adams nature will be disappointed. This caveat apart, however, there are many fine examples of photographs of aesthetic interest. An Indian suspension bridge across the Wotsonqua River near Hazelton, B.C. has the eerie quality of a surrealist dream landscape, and an unknown photographer's 1924 picture of the original Chateau Lake Louise in flames is as dramatic as Turner's famous painting of the burning Houses of Parliament.

With much to admire, there is little to criticize. A movie still of 1920s Hollywood actor Gaston Glass has his surname spelled as "Class" in the caption, and the omission of M.A. Ormsby's history of British Columbia from the bibliography seems curious in view of Silversides' otherwise meticulous scholarship. Brock V. Silversides is an audio-visual archivist, but his text and the photographs that he has chosen have a much wider appeal than only to other archivists or specialist historians. The success of several historical documentary features on the public television network has demonstrated how the pictorial record coupled with intelligent commentary can bring history to life. In book form, *Waiting for the Light* accomplishes the same admirable purpose.

Art librarian and writer David Rozniatowski lives in Winnipeg.

Berton takes on the Great Lakes

By LAIRD RANKIN

THE GREAT LAKES
By Pierre Berton, with photographs by André Gallant.
Stoddart Publishing,
Toronto, 1996.
224 pp., illus. $50.00.

In 1994, as one of its first initiatives, the newly formed Canada's National History Society introduced an award "for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history." The obvious and only first choice for the honour was Pierre Berton — who graciously agreed to have the award named after him in subsequent years — the journalist, editor, TV personality, but most importantly, historian "who has brought to life such colourful and diverse events in Canadian history as the building of the CPR; the search for the Northwest Passage; the defence of Canada in the War of 1812; the tragedy of the Dionne Quintuplets, the story of Niagara Falls, the epic battle of Vimy Ridge and that defining Canadian season — winter".

Pierre Berton has not only chronicled our history; he has turned it into best-sellers. Time and time again, he put Canadian history on the top of the charts. It is too soon to say how successful *The Great Lakes* will be. Sales aside, the book is typical Berton in which he mines, for all it's worth, a new, rich deposit of Canadian heritage. It also marks his second collaboration with photographer André Gallant, the first being the *Winter* outing of two years ago.

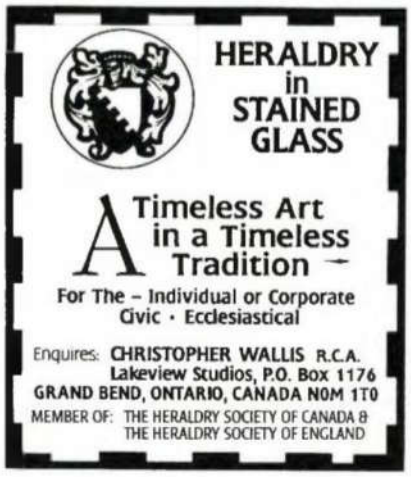
Typical Berton is not necessarily a source of pleasure to some who see more showmanship than scholarship in his books, and find them more deft than definitive. But these are immaterial shortcomings to the hundreds of thousands of people who have bought and treasure his books; they like what they get and want more of the same. *The Great Lakes* delivers the goods.

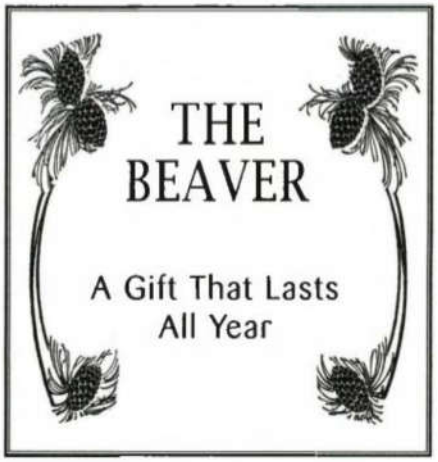
The book chronicles the full story of the Great Lakes, their origin as a "product of the Laurentide ice sheet", history, heroes, the people, places and events from pioneer times to the present that made the Lakes what they are today, all told with the snap, crackle and pop one associates with the Berton School of Writing. No limp, anemic prose here. Instead, he muscles in with several personal experiences or anecdotes that either relate directly to the Lakes themselves or involve water in general, such as his boyhood fear of sailing down the Pacific Coast from Alaska because of the high number of shipping fatalities at the time. Or, he shares his opinions openly and without hesitation, whether it's his bias for Point Pelee, or his dislike of LaSalle. You know where he stands. An advocate of context and perspective, he enjoys the strong analogy or the modern comparison. For instance, to give us some idea of the magnitude of the Lakes he says: "Think of this; the distance from the Western tip of Lake Superior to the Thousand Islands is equal to that from Paris to Budapest." He will tell you that the Huron Indians, a peaceful lot, had no compunctions about torturing their enemies to death, and remind you that torture was not "strange to the explorers from Europe which had a tradition of burning its own witches and heretics alive". An incurable romantic, he writes passionately about the Lakes (and as he has done on all his subjects) sometimes becoming consumed to the point of obscurity by the passion itself. While his description of Superior as "remorseless and masculine" is clear and straightforward, Erie comes off as a "wilful ingenue of changeable mood and false promise", whatever that means. Murky and wonderfully vague, it is a pleasant change from describing the lakes in strict, statistical terms, cubic feet or fecal counts.

Then there is the pleasant addition of André Gallant's superb photos and photo essays. Whether Gallant is illustrating quotations from the text, trying to capture that mystical "changeable mood and false promise", or showing shorelines, skylines, or just the abstract beauty of the lakes, his photographs are visual confection. Consider the cover photo: surely a study in patience, and fine example of the artistry and professionalism of his work. The photographs offer a contemporary picture of the Lakes, with all their beauty, bravado and blights. The archival material — period maps, photos and illustrations, all in judicious and generous supply — helps recreate important touchstones of the story.

The story itself was researched with a portion of the cash component of the Pierre Berton Award. The money has been put to good use. Popularizing Canadian history has been well served once again by the master of the craft.

Laird Rankin is Vice-President and Secretary of Canada's National History Society.





THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996

Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1997 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to a name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome.

Nominations for the 1997 Pierre Berton Award must be received by 30 May 1997 and should be sent to:

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478 - 167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
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If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address or
phone (204) 988-9300 or
fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: Beaver@cyberspc.mb.ca

Spy Thriller?

By GAVIN MURPHY

CARGO OF LIES
The True Story of a Nazi Double-Agent in Canada
By Dean Beeby.
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1996.
214 pp., illus. $29.95.

Cargo of Lies reveals a remarkable episode in Second World War history. Written by Halifax journalist Dean Beeby, it describes Canada's initiation into the dark world of counter espionage.

Beeby presents for the first time the full story of this double-cross operation, code-named "Watchdog". He unearthed a gold mine of nearly 5,000 pages of formerly classified documents relating to Watchdog through the Access to Information Act. Documents were culled from the files of the RCMP, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service, the federal department of Justice, the National Archives and Naval Intelligence. This material is supplemented with details from the still heavily censored FBI files and interviews with participants, including Cyril Mills of Britain's MI5 counter-intelligence agency, who was assigned to the case.

Nazi agent Werner Alfred Waldemar von Janowski landed on the Gaspé coast from U-518 in the early morning of 9 November 1942 near New Carlisle, Quebec. He intended to infiltrate Canada and send intelligence reports back to Germany. Heavy U-boat activity in the Gulf of St. Lawrence put local residents on the alert for Nazis, some fearing a secret landing. Due to this heightened security, and the astuteness of amateur sleuth Earle Annett, Jr., Janowski's mission to Canada was short-lived. He was arrested 12 hours after coming ashore.

The story then unfolds like a spy thriller. Fearing for his life, Janowski offers to become a double agent and spy on his former German masters. The operation, conducted by the RCMP with the help of MI5, provided little or no substantive intelligence to the Mounties and was closed down within a year. There is strong suspicion that Janowski was actually a triple agent dedicated to the Nazi cause even after his capture.

The book highlights a disturbing lack of competence by Canadians to handle wartime counter-intelligence work. Both the author and Mills hint that Cliff Harvison, who ran the Watchdog case, was gullible and naive. Harvison, a good beat cop — and future RCMP commissioner — was trained to deal with drug addicts and prostitutes, not spies. This was his first foray into international counter espionage.

Inability cannot be blamed on Harvison alone, who later exaggerated the overall success of Watchdog. This was Canada's baptism too and documents show the RCMP often deferred to Mills, who admittedly had more experience in strategic deception.

Beeby, who has a keen interest in intelligence matters, has meticulously researched Watchdog down to the most minute point. This unfortunately tends to bog down the story at times. He should have dropped some of the extraneous details, such as a hotel room number or the name of a train, and kept the writing smoother.

The Watchdog file has finally been opened in Canada after more than 50 years. The operation was not a resounding success, but proved to be an important training ground when the infamous Gouzenko spy case broke in 1945.

Cargo of Lies features a good selection of period photographs, many of which have likely never been published before. Also included are a thorough sources section and an excellent dust jacket illustration of a vintage wartime poster featuring a smiling Nazi sailor and sinking Allied ship in the background.

Gavin Murphy is an Ottawa lawyer.

The Poor of Labrador

By JOHN AYRE

LABRADOR ODYSSEY
The Journal and Photographs of Eliot Curwen on the Second Voyage of Wilfred Grenfell, 1893
Edited by Ronald Rompkey.
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 1996.
231 pp., illus. $ 29.95.

Cod was so central to the life of Newfoundland and Labrador a century ago that Newfoundlanders simply said "fish" if they meant "cod". Each spring the vast cod stocks off Labrador attracted an estimated 25,000 fishermen called "floaters" who worked and often lived miserably in some 3,200 cramped schooners. On the shore were permanent white settlers called "livyers" who intermarried with the Inuit and who usually lived in oppressive sod-banked huts called "tilts".

Although contemporary political propagandists like Moses Harvey suggested that this Labrador coast was a folk paradise, it was only passably true of those Inuit who lived in the paternalistic but well-run towns established by German Moravian missionaries on the northern reaches of the coast. Everybody else, the fishermen and the livyers, were on their own in the face of nasty weather, disease, rum-runners, shamelessly exploitative merchants and corrupt politicians who collected taxes and yet provided no services, medical or otherwise, in return. If someone became seriously ill or were injured, he either recovered on his own or just died.

In 1892 the medical missionary Wilfred Grenfell came out from Britain and began a highly publicized mission to alleviate the appalling conditions. The following year a young doctor, Eliot Curwen, came along to assist Grenfell in a new steam launch the *Princess May*, which became a floating clinic working up and down the coast. Unlike the brash Grenfell who worked his journals up into bestselling inspirational books to raise aid money, Curwen quietly kept a journal for himself and his family to cover his voyage from 27 May to 11 November 1893. These now appear as *Labrador Odyssey*, edited by Grenfell's biographer, Ronald Rompkey. Rompkey has included a selection of Curwen's Labrador photography of the boats and fishermen and the Inuit in Hopedale. Because of an explicit urge to record poverty, Curwen also has left us many haunting Walker Evans-like images of destitute families in and around their tilts. To complement Curwen's private observations and to act as a psychological foil to them, Rompkey has inserted the well-written but somewhat unctuous reports of Grenfell to his sponsors in London.

Like the clergyman Frances Kilvert who wrote a famous diary about rural Britain in the 1870s, Curwen had a sharp and sympathetic eye for the conditions of his poorest charges. He was disturbed by their poverty but especially by their extremely passive mentality which countered his own restrained but deeply rooted non-conformist values. In an ironic aside, he wonders "if the N.F. men would be as good if they were treated less vilely by the government & merchants."

Although Curwen kept up a punishing seven-day schedule of examining and treating patients and running church services, he was different from Grenfell in that his senses were not so dulled that he was blind to the natural beauty, the northern lights, the icebergs and the nights in mid-August which were full of shooting stars and phosphorescent sea water. One night he climbed up into the rigging of the boat and remained entranced long enough to count some 117 icebergs. Throughout his voyage, he luxuriated in their gothic shapes and changing colour. He found time to dig Inuit grave sites (he later became a published amateur archaeologist back home in Sussex) and took notes on Labrador folk life.

Against Rompkey's detailed introduction and the abundance of helpful notes, the two skimpy maps barely assist the reader. The maps not only fail to show the rough route of Curwen's launch along the complicated coast, but very few of the harbours, fiords and archipelagos which Curwen mentions are identified, so that a reader cannot even begin to construe the route for himself. This, however, is the sole deficiency in an otherwise superbly assembled volume.

John Ayre is a writer in Guelph, Ontario, with a strong interest in the North.

THE BEAVER

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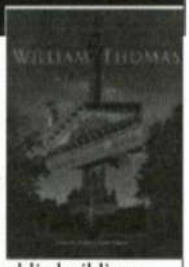

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On foot and under sail

By ROBERT MALCOMSON

SOLDIERS OF THE KING
The Upper Canadian Militia
1812-1815
By William Gray.
Boston Mills Press,
Erin, Ontario, 1995.
288 pp. $40.00.

THE FATAL CRUISE
OF THE "ARGUS"
Two Captains in the War of 1812
By Ira Dye.
The Naval Institute Press,
Annapolis, Maryland, 1994.
388 pp., illus. $52.95.

CHRONICLES OF THE FRIGATE
"MACEDONIAN": 1809-1922
By James Tertius de Kay.
W.W. Norton,
New York, 1995.
288 pp. $32.99.

The majority of books written about the War of 1812 present overall coverages of the conflict or centre on individual battles. Under review here are three recent volumes that focus on specific aspects of the war-related topics.

Understanding how militia units were raised and functioned is a confusing problem. To clarify the situation, William Gray in *Soldiers of the King* has produced a guide to the organization and involvement of the citizenry who took up arms to help the British army expel the American invaders. He explains how the flank companies differed from incorporated and embodied corps and why some militiamen were considered sedentary while others were volunteers.

The author deals briefly with the actual track record of the militia in Upper Canada and argues that, besides valuable service on the war front, militiamen made a significant contribution by manning garrisons and helping to maintain the supply lines.

About 20 percent of the book details the organization of the militia, with the balance comprising lists of individuals who served in the various regiments.

The U.S. Frigate "United States" capturing H.M. Frigate "Macedonian", October 1812.

While some of the lists show names only, others indicate dates of promotion, wounds and other brief annotations, making Gray's work an important resource for serious students of the conflict.

In *The Fatal Cruise of the "Argus"*, Ira Dye limits his investigation to the careers of Commander John Fordyce Maples of HM sloop *Pelican* and Lieutenant Henry Allen of the US brig *Argus*, and the events that led to their naval engagement on 14 March 1813.

Maple's career began in 1780. His rise through the ranks was slow, but it provided him with experience in numerous quarters including the great battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Allen joined the fledgling American navy in 1800 and was aboard the frigate *Chesapeake* when HMS *Leopard*'s broadside devastated it near Chesapeake Bay in 1807. Five years later he reaped his vengeance as a protege of Captain Stephen Decatur aboard the USS *President* when they captured HMS *Macedonian*. A more detailed treatment is given to the American officer's career.

The final voyage of the *Argus*, its clash with the *Pelican* and what happened afterwards form the final four chapters of the book. The one-on-one sea battle has received little attention previously, since most of the glory has centred on the duels between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* and the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. Determined to show the drama of the action, Dye authoritatively depicts the steps that led the paths of the two men to cross, bringing disaster for Allen and praise and promotion for Maples. This insightful study of the lives of seamen will be appreciated by all devotees of the age of fighting sail.

And so will *Chronicles of the Frigate "Macedonian"*. This is the story of a rare ship that lived for 112 years. It began as a proud, British frigate and ended up as the timbers in a hotel. In between it became a symbol of glory and power in the U.S. Navy.

His Majesty's Ship *Macedonian* was a new warship when the War of 1812 started, having been launched at Woolwich, on the Thames River, in June 1810. The Royal Navy was thrown into a state of denial when news reached Britain that the *Constitution* had sunk the *Guerrière* in August 1812. That a British frigate should lose to anyone was unheard of. Unfortunately, for the *Macedonian*, it was to be one of the next victims of the Yankee upstarts when Decatur, and Lieutenant Henry Allen, captured it in the middle of the Atlantic on 25 October.

The Americans repaired the frigate and planned to use it against its former countrymen, but a tight British blockade kept the *Macedonian* from sailing before the end of the war. Nevertheless, the U.S. government soon discovered that possession of a "prized" Royal Navy ship was a status symbol that could be used for diplomatic effect. As a result, the frigate survived while its contemporaries were scrapped, and was sent on missions to the Mediterranean, Japan and even a relief mission to aid the starving poor in Ireland. James de Kay's great-grandfather commanded the ship on that latter voyage, which is one reason why he undertook the project.

One can only regret that the *Macedonian*, which survived into this century, could not be saved from its ignominious end. This is the feeling that remains when the final page is turned, which is a fitting tribute to its author.

Robert Malcomson has written extensively on the War of 1812. He lives in St. Catharines, Ontario.

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The Rebellions of 1837 and 1838 in Lower Canada

Jean-Paul Bernard

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NEW PUBLICATION

The Canadian Historical Association, in association with Canada's National History Society, is pleased to announce the publication of Historical Booklet #55: *The Rebellions of 1837 and 1838 in Lower Canada*, by Jean-Paul Bernard, professor of History at University of Québec at Montréal. Bernard analyses the nature of the Rebellions, using the analogy of an "explosion". He also examines the underlying political, economic, social and cultural causes associated with the Rebellions, and their short- and long-term consequences. More than a simple narration of facts, Bernard's provocative overview complements Colin Read's *The Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada*, Booklet #46 in the Historical Booklet Series.

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The scene of the crime

While the course of true crime may not run smooth, every *Beaver* reader knows that it flows steadily through our nation's history. A current best-selling novel, Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*, is based on a real incident, a murder in the 1840s. Several recent works, less promoted but nonetheless well worth reading, are non-fictional explorations of past Canadian killings or other crimes.

Tainted Justice 1914 examines a murder in Nova Scotia early in this century. A prominent hotel keeper was found dead on a country road. A visiting American was convicted and executed. But there were many loose ends for author David Newton to explore 80 years later. His book competently chronicles the events and sifts the evidence, even though most of his questions remain unanswered.

The *Secret Lives of Sgt. John Wilson* traces the sad and sorry story of a Mountie who got his woman, murdered her to get a second, totally botched the killing and the cover-up, yet almost escaped all punishment. The book is anything but a testament to the competence of the RCMP. The author's purpose, however, is not to lay blame but to relate a romantic tale.

Even more interesting, at least for its sociological implications, is *The Cassock and the Crown*, which tells of a Montreal priest tried in the 1920s for murdering his brother for his money. The newspapers, with their penchant for the superlative, dubbed his first trial the "trial of the century' and "Canada's most controversial murder case". If the author is to be believed, there is little doubt as to guilt. The prosecution, however, was based entirely on circumstantial evidence, including ballistic measurements and handwriting. Forensic medicine was then in its infancy — there was no attempt at identifying blood, certainly no DNA analysis, which would today have been conclusive. At the first trial, a move by church authorities to enter a plea of insanity was refused. Some sympathizers tried to paint the prosecutors as anti-Catholic, others suspected a conspiracy of Freemasons. Ultimately, a hung jury saved the priest from hanging. Three more trials, each with decreasing media interest, finally brought an acquittal.

The earliest documented execution in New France was of locksmith Jean Duval in 1608. For plotting treason and the murder of Champlain, he was hanged and then, for good measure, beheaded and his head publicly displayed on a pike. Popular mystery writer Howard Engel tells this and many another gory tale in his chapter on Canadian hangings in *Lord High Executioner*, an exploration of that gruesome occupation throughout human history. Canadian hangmen were often subject to public abuse, and even Engel shows little sympathy for them. They often bungled the job, compounding the suffering of the miserable business. It is more than 30 years since the last Canadian hangings, but for some people (not Engel) the question of capital punishment is still open.

Incidents of disorder and bad government are hardly limited to crimes of violence, as another book aptly demonstrates. In the 1950s, the new trans-Canada natural gas line piped profits to all kinds of people. One recipient of a quiet corporate expression of gratitude (more than $100,000) was Leo A. Landreville — as mayor of Sudbury he had actively promoted the project. Since there was no evidence that the reward was solicited and none that it influenced his actions, his accepting of free shares of gas company stock may have been immoral, but it was not illegal. It was, as the title of this thoroughly fascinating exploration declares, clearly a case of *Bad Judgment*.

Not that Landreville was unique — other public officials also benefited personally. When the story eventually became public, the resulting explosion brought down, among others, three provincial cabinet ministers. By that time Landreville has been appointed a provincial judge. In the eyes of the political/legal establishment, his worst sin was not that he accepted the stock, it was that he refused to quietly resign with a comfortable pension. His flamboyant lifestyle and French-Canadian ethnicity didn't help his cause either.

Eventually, after reaching a supposed settlement with the government, he did resign. Much later — after a Law Society kangaroo court, sensational and distorted stories in the press, public inquiries marked by exaggerated charges and unfair procedures, deliberate untruths told by a prime minister and by a premier, gross prejudice by the head of a royal commission, and broken promises by party political leaders – Landreville received a final settlement. A clever lawyer, a colourful mayor, a loyal Liberal, Landreville was all of these. But he was not knotted into the Osgoode Hall network. A foolish man of flawed character perhaps, he was neither a bad man nor a bad judge. His worst failing was that he was not an old boy.

Friend of the Farmer?

THE WHEAT BOARD, THE POOLS AND THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

The Beaver *February/March*

And in the course of the whole dismal affair, his was certainly not the worst example of bad judgment. He died a few weeks ago — the publication of this book, hardly a whitewashing of Landreville in public, reportedly allowed him to die happy.

❖ ❖ ❖

A very different aspect of our history is examined in another recent volume worth noting, *Edward James Lennox "Builder of Toronto"*. Flesh and blood may be mortal, but stones and mortar will endure — that, apparently, was the faith of Toronto's most influential architect a century ago. He designed buildings to be massive monuments meant to last forever. Most were demolished within a few decades, each to make room for some new structure of supposed progress upward and upward. But the fortress folly Casa Loma, built for Sir Henry Pellatt (a man with more money than sense who ran out of both), still hovers on a ridge overlooking the central city. Other Lennox edifices also survive — the Electrical Development Powerhouse, the King Edward Hotel, St. Paul's Anglican Church, and the west wing of the Queen's Park Legislature — all testimonials to a time unlike our own when power — industrial, financial, ecclesiastical, or political — was both honoured and trusted.

Books Cited

Bad Judgment: the Case of Mr. Justice Leo A. Landreville. By William Kaplan. University of Toronto Press (Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History). 234 pp., illus. $34.95.

The Cassock and the Crown. By Jean Monet. McGill-Queen's University Press. 160 pp., illus. $34.95

Edward James Lennox "Builder of Toronto". By Marilyn M. Litvak. Dundurn Press. 118 pp., illus. $19.99.

Lord High Executioner. By Howard Engel. Key Porter Books. 256 pp., illus. $22.95.

Secret Lives of Sgt. John Wilson: A True Story of Love & Murder. By Lois Simmie. Douglas & McIntyre. 224 pp., illus. $26.95.

Tainted Justice 1914. By David Newton. University College of Cape Breton Press. 104 pp., $14.95.

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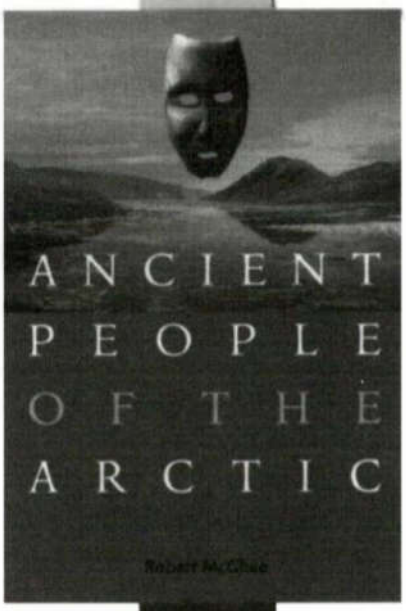

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Books in Brief

A Dance With Death: Canadian Women on the Gallows, 1754-1954. By Frank W. Anderson (Fifth House, $16.95). A disconcerting study of the crimes of 49 Canadian women from colonial times to the 1950s covering coldly premeditated slaughter to accidental mass murder. Included is the sad story of Minnie McGee who poisoned six of her children one morning in 1912 by mixing the phosphorus tips of matches in the oatmeal, because, as she explained to the authorities, she wasn't feeling well.

Martha Black, Gold Rush Pioneer. By Carol Martin (Douglas & McIntyre, $8.95). Intended for young readers, this book tells the astonishing story of the remarkable Martha Black who, after surviving the Chicago Fire, went on to face the Yukon wilderness alone during the Klondike Gold Rush, eventually becoming Canada's second female Member of Parliament. An ideal role-model for the young.

Place Names of Atlantic Canada. By William B. Hamilton (University of Toronto Press, $24.95 paper, $60 hardcover). A detailed and scholarly survey of places and geographic features, large and small, from the Aboujagane River in New Brunswick to York Point in Charlottetown harbour. In the telling, Hamilton covers a wide swath of Canadian history.

Down on the Farm: Childhood Memories of Farming in Canada. By Jean Cochrane (Fifth House. $12.95). Many urban Canadians are only one or two generations removed from the farm and many others have vivid memories of childhood in the country. This book will appeal to both groups, with its absorbing collection of rural memories and charming snapshots of life as it was once lived on the land. Jean Cochrane looked for her stories and pictures in all parts of Canada and she has produced a memory book of unusual appeal.

(Continued from page 3.)

What's in a name? Our readers respond.

The most recent issue of *The Beaver* noted that consideration is being given to changing the name of the publication to better reflect its content. I strongly recommend that you do so. I'm a Canadian history buff and was disappointed to learn that I had long passed by our library's displayed copies of the magazine without realizing that it was filled with exactly the subject matter I wanted to read.
J. Howard Kittel,
Naperville, Illinois.

My choices, in order of preference, are: *North of the 49th, A Canadian History Magazine, Moccasin Pathways, The Trail of Canadian History, Canadian Aspects, Our History, Canadian Heritage, Canada's History Magazine.*
Roger A. Cunningham,
Ottawa, ON.

On your subscription card it reads "Take Part in the Canadian Adventure". I think that the word "Adventure" should be the basis for the new title. Titles like *Canada's Adventure* or *Adventures in Canadian History* would not only be very suitable for this magazine but would also generate more interest.
Mike Fedyk,
Regina, SK.

I would suggest for your new publication *The Canadian Historian* or *The Historical Canadian.*
Leslie Cook,
Hockessin, Delaware.

What about *Trail Blazers in Canada* or only *Trail Blazers*? I enjoy your magazine very much and only hope that it will keep on — no matter under what name.
Florence Gagné,
Saint-Paul, AB.

Perhaps, to get away from this public perception, something like the following might be better: *Canada & the Canadians*; *Canada — Giant of the North*; *Canada's Past*; *Canada's Past, Present & Future*; *Canada & Her People*. I have always found the magazine most interesting and hope it will continue so, irrespective of its name.
T.C. Marshall,
Vancouver, BC.

I am sure most of your subscribers do not relate *The Beaver* to HBC, but to a fine historical magazine with a very appropriate name — I know my friends and relatives just say "I read in *The Beaver*...."
Robert Kennedy,
Winnipeg, MB.

Please do NOT change the name of your excellent publication. I have been a subscriber for at least 20+ years. To me the name conjures up everything you might possibly hope for whilst maintaining the widest possible palette for your innovative explorations.
Grant G. Simmons, Jr.,
Hilton Head, South Carolina.

A new name for *The Beaver*? Never. Too many of our emblems are disappearing for we seem to be losing the sense of history.
Mary Frances Mallon,
Toronto, ON.

I have been a subscriber to your most interesting and informative magazine for perhaps 10 or 12 years, and whenever in conversation I mention *The Beaver* no one questions "what's that?" They all seem to know what kind of magazine *The Beaver* is. This indicates to me that a general knowledge of your publication is broader than you may suspect and therefore there is no need for change.
K.R. Langdon,
Buckhorn, ON.

I thoroughly approve of the present title. It is short, hence easy to cite, reasonably Canadian, and *very* widely known and respected. So why consider mucking up things for librarians and us (presumably) scholarly types. Stay the course.
Ralph S. Palmer,
N.Y. State Zoologist emeritus,
Tenants Harbor, Maine

I like the name *The Beaver*. If a potential reader can't understand or be bothered to read the subtitle *Exploring Canada's History*, that individual is not a likely candidate to buy *The Beaver*. Yours is a literate audience that does not need cartoons to enhance its understanding of the plot line.
Martin Bailey,
Maple Ridge, BC.

Regarding the name change for this beautiful little magazine called *The Beaver*: I would hate to have the name changed. It stands out. *The Beaver* being our national emblem etc. "Let it be", please do not change the name *Beaver.*
Audrey Letts Kiers,
Cochrane, ON.

I would like to suggest this title to replace *The Beaver — Canada's Beaver.*
Claire A. Darling,
Ottawa, ON.

With heartfelt respect for the late Bruce Hutchison, an incredible Canadian in his own right, I submit the following title and sub-title for consideration: *The Unknown Country: Canada in Retro.*
Ed Wildgen,
Ottawa, ON.

My contributions: *Historama, Canadian People, Places and Events*; *Canadian Review, Events of Earlier Years*; *Recordings* (or, *The Recorder*), *Exploring Canada's History*; *Canadian Adventures, Articles about Canada's Past.*
Ian Bickle,
Regina, SK.

Keep the name you have had for 75 years, and with it keep that reminder of the origins of your magazine.
John A. English,
Etobicoke, ON.

I think the name *The Beaver* should remain the same.
T.E. Hodgins,
Kitchener, Ontario.

Please, Please, Please do not change the name of your magazine. Be proud of the small, industrious, hard-working animal which is known from the Pacific to the Atlantic in all territories from the International Border to well beyond North of 60. ... So the beaver is a very important part in Canadian history, and history is your main theme. You might add ... "We work like a Beaver for Historical facts."
Ernie Schurman,
Reston, MB.

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APR/MAY 1987 - A "Shakespeare" for Canada: Poet Wilson MacDonald/ Artist Toni Onley's Arctic journal/ The *Green Hill Park* Disaster, Vancouver, 1945/ The Vinland Map: hoax or history?/ Timber! Life on Hudson Bay was an endless search for wood.

JUN/JUL 1987 - Calixa Lavallee wrote "O Canada" & departed for the U.S./ Exiles: French-Canadian Patriots in Australia/ Frank Jay Haynes photographs the Western frontier, 1881/ "Exercise Musk-Ox", 1946/ Spanish exploration on the West Coast.

AUG/SEP 1987 - Over the Chilkoot with Duff Pattullo/ Preserving artifacts on the Trail of '98/ The story of Kamloops/ Samuel Hearne, naturalist/ Vancouver's busy harbour photographed in a romantic era of seafaring, 1880s/ Whaling in the St. Lawrence/ Ordeal of pioneer travel: Montreal to Kingston/ Louis Riel & his papers: new light on a troubled & tragic career.

OCT/NOV 1987 - "One life, One death": a young soldier gives all for Canada, 1917/ Wager Bay, a history & a future/ Acadia & the Acadians/ Lord Selkirk of Red River (excerpt from *Caesars of the Wilderness* by Peter C. Newman).

DEC 87/JAN 88 - "A Desire to Worry Me Out": Donald Smith's harassment of Charles Brydges/ Footprints in an empty land: remnants of a vanished Inuit culture in the Barrenlands/ Presses on the Prairies: memoirs of J.W. Dafoe/ Pacific passages: with Laperouse to Botany Bay/ Canada's boy miners/ Matterhorn Whymper rides the CPR/ Ahead of his time: Canadian architect Francis Conroy Sullivan.

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The beaver appears on our coinage and on at least one provincial coat of arms. It is a symbol of Canada, and today we are losing too many of our symbols. I beg of you, please keep *The Beaver*. Your present subtitle is quite sufficient to indicate it is not a nature magazine or a children's magazine. And in complete ignorance I ask: What is pornographic about the word "beaver"? Shame on you!
Mary G. Barnett,
Toronto, ON.

A new name for *The Beaver*? No, say I! The name *Beaver* signifies Canada. It is uniquely ours as is the magazine bearing that name. Because *The Beaver* has been published for 76 years, it does seem odd that there are still those who think it is a nature magazine — or whatever. Slow learners?
Heather J. Tait,
Kamloops, BC.

Please, let's just leave the name alone. It is so distinctive and eyecatching.
Margaret Brain,
Prince Rupert, BC.

I vote for *The Beaver*. A name like *Canada's History* is too dull, too academic, too precise. Why must everything that endured for years be changed? What's wrong with people needing to ask what the magazine is all about?
Marlene R. Clark,
Mt. Stewart, PEI.

DON'T. It's great the way it is!
John Loweth,
Sutton West, ON.

Please do not change the name of the magazine. *The Beaver* is what attracted my attention.
R.M. Leonard,
Brampton, ON.

During the many years as a user and reader of *The Beaver*, I have thought of it as *The Canadian Story*. This is my suggested new name for *The Beaver*.
G.K. Nicholson,
Victoria, BC.

I have the following suggestions for a new title: *Canadian History Journal*, *Exploring Canada's History*, *Canada in Perspective*, and *Canada's Past*.
Fred A. Seyer,
Botha, AB.

Please don't change the title of your valuable publication.
E.J. Ketchum,
Toronto, ON.

Horrors! Re: change the historical name of *The Beaver* which I have been reading for over 40 years? Keep the name I love!
A.E.B. Armstrong,
Scarborough, ON.

The best I ended up with follows, and although it seems trite, I can offer no more: *Canada, Then and Now*. Thank you for the work you have done for this most excellent magazine which I have received for many years and found that you have opened many doors that widened my knowledge of this dear land with each issue.
Bill Ward,
Victoria, BC.

The name of the magazine deserves to be changed, though the present one does not offend or mislead me. I recommend *Chronicle*, or if you prefer *The Chronicle*. In either case, the sub-head: *Relating Canada's Stories* or *Exploring Canada's History* — though it is hard to interest young minds in anybody's history.
Allan W. Beattie,
Calgary, AB.

I suggest: *Exploring Canadian History*. To me, the present title of *The Beaver* represents Canada as much as the classical maple leaves. Perhaps the two could be enshrined on the cover.
Dora E. Lloyd,
Red Deer, AB.

I shudder to think the Editorial Board would seriously consider changing the name of this elegant little journal of Canadian history. ... We all laugh at the idea of school janitors having become "custodians" and garbage men "sanitary engineers". I am afraid that throwing away the venerable title of *The Beaver* for something more mundane but catchy would be counter-productive. There is a slightly enigmatic ring to the present name, and it seems to me that anyone who is put off by the name wouldn't be reading a journal of history in the first place.
Dr. Adam C. Waldie,
Cobble Hill, BC.

I am a recent subscriber and must say I find the title or name very appropriate. A big mistake is overlooking tradition.
W.F. Wittig,
Burlington, ON.

In response to the invitation ... I suggest consideration be given to: 49 North or North of 49, "49" of course being the degree of latitude.
Hugh Murray,
Vancouver, BC.

To me, *The Beaver* name with sub-title *Exploring Canada's History* is paramount to convey and continue this outstanding magazine's appeal. ... Since subscribing to *The Beaver* we have felt very honoured to be privy to the excellent historical material contained in its well-written articles and stories. I feel that we are much better informed Canadians in both political and geographic terms because of your fine efforts. For our money, Christopher, please keep things as they are.
Joe Fossey,
Barrie, ON.

I think *Canada's History* would be an excellent title (*Beaver* is not meaningful today as it was to me 70 years ago). This new title is something Canadians are keen about today. Your historical essays are so very good, authentic and gripping.
Catherine Maldon,
Toronto, ON.

I think it would be most unfortunate and sad to change its name — it is part of Canada's heritage and history. If any publication is worth its salt, the magazine will be accepted for what it represents, and not because of its name or title. In fact, I feel its present title is quite unique.
Ernest Howard,
Toronto, ON.

Why should *The Beaver* change its name? We believe that the full name *The Beaver: Exploring Canada's History* sufficiently tells what sort of magazine it is. Who could ever confuse it with an animal magazine, a child's book or a pornographic magazine, as you suggest? The beaver is Canada's National Emblem (according to the *The Canadian Encyclopedia*). How very appropriate. The name *Canada's History* sounds dull and unimaginative.
Bernice and George Laing,
Abbotsford, BC.

If you are determined to change its name then consider *The Canadian Historian*.
J.J. Brummer,
Etobicoke, ON.

Let me say that I would rather you did not change it. ... remember that whatever name you use there will be someone, maybe thousands, who cannot divine your purpose or product, or will get you confused with something else. Produce a superior product and the interested will beat a path to your door. No, I will say only, Beaver on!
Ronald Greene,
e-mail.

I like the name, as is, and would even accept the French equivalent name of *Castor* to appease any who think you should be bilingual to that degree. I'm a Canadian, born in Montreal, hence my attitude.
Fred Beer,
Surrey, BC.

A new name for *The Beaver*! Absolutely not!!! We have 76 years of tradition and I like it the way it is. Newcomers — Bah.
Malcolm MacPhail,
e-mail.

I was dismayed to read in your latest issue that you were considering changing the name of your magazine. Please, please don't. *The Beaver* has been an institution in my family for a long time, and issues are exchanged with family members and saved for ages. The beaver is one of Canada's best-known symbols and reflects the heritage of our country starting with the fur trade. ... On the other hand, you could change the name to *Canadian Heritage Information Magazine* and have Sheila Copps as honorary editor!!
P. Hooper,
Alberta.

I will buy it under any title and look forward to its arrival as I do now. Perhaps a name such as *Canadian Review* or *Canada's Past* would be more revealing of the contents. Whatever the name, I will continue to read and value it for the content alone. Thanks for a good magazine.
Larry R. Bird,
Harwood, ON.

Even while I was still reading the item on whether or not the name of the magazine should be changed, the heading on the opposite page just about burned into my eyes. *Explorations* — that's what it is all about!
G. Van Riemsdyk,
Burnaby, BC.

My vote is against changing the name.
H. Keith Ralston,
Vancouver, BC.

I am suggesting that *The Beaver* be changed to *Exploring Canadian Heritage — Old and New*.
Margaret Hall,
Beaverlodge, AB.

You asked to hear from readers about the proposal to change the name of the magazine. We like *The Beaver, Exploring Canada's History*. Yes, no change.
Philip and Marie Garrison,
Quebec.

My recommendation is keep the current name of your magazine. The name is well known and clearly identifiable. In effect, it is the brand name for your magazine just as *The Economist*, *Life* or *Time* are the brand names of other publications.The name *The Beaver* identifies the magazine as a Canadian publication about Canada and that is what the magazine is about. I expect that if you changed the name, your circulation would decrease.
George R. Laidlaw,
Islington, ON.

I disapprove of a name change for this magazine because I think the name as it is now reflects the true nature of a publication concerning Canada and Canada alone. This is one of the reasons that I subscribed in the first place; to have a magazine that was/is wholly Canadian.
Paul Blomander,
Penhold, AB.

No! No! A thousand times No! You cannot buy my consent. No! No! A thousand times No! I'd rather die than say yes — to paraphrase an old familiar song that should help to date me. I do dislike the suggested title *Canada's History* as being much too pretentious. ... I would like to think that *The Beaver* would continue not only to present aspects of Canadian history, but to represent it by being part of our history. For me, the subtitle, *Exploring Canada's History* tells the story as I believe it would for any really interested reader. ... While I have no trouble accepting the technological changes in the format of the magazine, I bitterly resent even the idea of cutting this favourite of all my periodicals off from its firm beginnings as though all the history the magazine records is a fiction with no link to the present. In fact, we are a part of all that we have been and, in my opinion, we need the occasional reminder that yesterday is very much with us even as we move into tomorrow. Let *The Beaver* be one continuing symbol to link us with our heritage. Sincerely, if somewhat obnoxiously, yours.
T.B. Beames,
Ladysmith, BC.

I really enjoy reading this literature on Canadian history and I believe you should *keep* the name as it is now. The name (animal) represents our Canadian heritage, not only on the nickel, but it's one of nature's creatures personifying this country's hard work, devotion, distinction, perseverance and dedication to become an international Sovereign of Peace. I for one say to you to keep up the good work!
Marc Graziadei,
Ottawa, ON.

Why do Canadians believe that retaining their heritage is a sign of stagnation? Why assume a change of name indicates progress? ... Could any new title be more specific than the current one which indicates that *The Beaver* magazine is about Canadian history? If it is agreed that today's events are tomorrow's history *The Beaver* has plenty to gnaw on.
Jim Ellis,
Chilliwack, BC.

While in Canada, the name may raise questions, outside the country, the name is immediately connected with our homeland, Canada. The title is distinctive. Our vote: keep *The Beaver*.
Susan MacLaren,
Texas.

As a librarian, name changes and/or format changes to established magazines give me the horrors. I have known what *The Beaver* is and offers "forever". Please do not change it. You are no doubt intending to remain a magazine of Canadian history, so why cause yourself trouble?
Sharon Nelson,
Calgary, AB.

I am writing to express my disappointment at the decision of CNHS to change the name of *The Beaver*. I personally find nothing outdated in retaining the current name, which has a long and proud history.
Trevor Prior,
e-mail.

As loyal readers of *The Beaver*, we felt that we could contribute a worthwhile suggestion in response to your proposal that *The Beaver* receive a new name. We are both students at the University of Winnipeg and we both share a common passion for Canadian history. ... We feel that *Canadian Roots* would be a "catchy", spirited, as well as appropriate name for the magazine to carry as it prepares to enter a new century.
Elizabeth Pritchard
& Jennifer Waroway,
Winnipeg, MB.

You really would be making a big mistake, and lose readers far more than gain. Changing titles is even more difficult than thinking up new ones for a fresh product, a book, magazine or whatever. I don't find the objections to *The Beaver* ("unhelpful", a "children's magazine", even "pornographic") very convincing. The cover's appearance will sort those out. It has a link with a fine, adventurous past to which we *should* keep links.
Clyde Sanger,
Ottawa, ON.

I would like to register my opposition to any name change. The magazine has been known as *The Beaver* for almost three-quarters of a century. Those who are interested in the magazine will know what it is about.
Howard Romanko,
Tucson, Arizona.

Please do not change the name of the magazine; the subtitle makes clear what kind of a magazine *The Beaver* is and I consider that its honourable history and name are an asset. It would be a great mistake to change just for the sake of change when (to me) there seems no good reason to do so.
Dr. Anne Tanner,
Toronto, ON.

I opt to retain the present name. It already carries an appropriate sub-heading.
W.S. Bailey
Burlington, ON.

Do not change the name of the magazine. Are you historians or jokers? The magazine's name *is* history. Surely you disqualify yourself from calling yourself a historian to suggest such a change.
James P. Boyle,
Toronto, ON.

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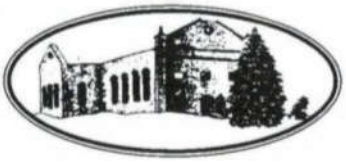

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The beaver is Canada's national symbol, and remains so. The magazine is most representative of Canadian history, and history in the making, and *The Beaver* says that in its name. Name change is not progress, but the contents.
Dennis Epp,
Calgary, AB.

I've read *The Beaver* for over half a century. I like the name. The beaver is one of Canada's symbols. I see your point, though. It isn't a descriptive name, like the *Canadian Geographic*. Should it be *Canadian Historic* or *The Beaver: Canada's History Magazine*?
James V. Cookson,
Warkworth, ON.

Rather than change a well-established and interesting name like *The Beaver* to a boring, bland, undistinguished name like *Canada's History*, why not estimate the cost of a name change and spend the money advertising on the Learning or Discovery channels, or other promotion avenues? *The Beaver* is a wonderful name. I subscribed to *The Beaver* as soon as I heard of it. I probably wouldn't have subscribed to *Canada's History*. I do not think I am unusual in this regard.
Allan Brown,
e-mail.

A new name for *The Beaver*? NO, NO, a thousand times NO. Whatever will be left in Canada that is Canadian? ... I will not enjoy the magazine fully till assured *The Beaver* is still the headline.
Dr. R. Sutherland,
Victoria, BC.

Under no circumstances should *The Beaver* change its name — plain and simple. Would you consider changing your name? I think not! Would the *National Geographic*, which is anything but national, and certainly not confined to matters geographical, consider a name change after 108 years? Hardly.
Peter D. Pellier,
Oakville, ON.

Is an American subscriber permitted to comment with respect to the proferred name change? If so, let me state quite clearly that YOU GUYS HAVE LOST IT!!! ... I *dare* say that if you *dare* change the name someone of your successors in the next century will surely change it right back in order to recapture that special historical relationship between the beaver and Canadian history. ... Some Canadians complain about the sublimation of their culture — would you add to it?
James W. Emison,
Eden Prairie, Minnesota.

There are millions of publications with boring names like *Such and Such History*. There is only one *Beaver* — an individual publication of true character. Please never change the name. The public knows the Maple Leaf is a flag, they know *The Beaver* is a history magazine, too. *The Beaver* is a perfect name. Again, please don't ever change it.
Katherine Reynolds
e-mail.

No! No! *The Beaver* is a perfectly good historic name for a magazine started by the HBC. The subtitle suggested as *Canada's History* would be a suitable subtitle, but please keep *The Beaver* as is.
Stan Leaming,
Summerland, BC.

I am a recent subscriber to *The Beaver* and enjoy the magazine very much. The tone and length of the articles are excellent for the lay reader. I had been aware of the magazine for many years before subscribing. I am writing to urge you to retain the current title. If it isn't broken, don't "fix" it.
John Butcher,
Ottawa, ON.

I would suggest very strongly that before changing the name (which is cosmetic indeed), you get some expertise to determine the size of the market for your product. It could be that you have a satisfactory share of a very small market, and then you would need to change the product to increase sales. I hope you don't do this because I like the magazine.
Bruce Campbell,
Mississauga, ON.

Does *The Beaver* need a new name? Not as far as I am concerned, in fact my initial reaction to the article was heaven forbid. But then on reading your article I realized that I qualify as one of the "people with long association with the magazine". *The Beaver*, with one sub-title or another has been coming into my home ever since I can remember. I am going on 67 years of age. ... Does *Maclean's* need a new name? Isn't it a toothpaste?
J.D. Young,
Nepean, ON.

Change the name? Never. Since 1670 "beaver" is as synonymous with Canada as "kangaroo" is with Australia! The world is full of revisionists. *The Bible. The Book of Common Prayer.* Next thing they will gut Shakespeare. Noble words, noble thoughts, are worth preserving. Do not I pray you contemplate any witless change for change's sake.
Patrick McG. Stoker,
Westmount, QC.

I am 76 and have enjoyed this publication very much, and (when I have a chance) am loud in praise of it. It is uniquely Canadian and as far as I am concerned, the name should stay.
R. Moore,
Bancroft, ON.

We can think of no example of a long-established, highly-respected magazine suddenly, or even with much thought, having its internationally-known title changed. It seems a novel idea, but in our opinion unlikely to have any consequence beyond great confusion to the readership.
Ralph & Frederica Knight,
Winnipeg, MB.

Anyone who thinks that it is a publication about "baby raccoons or naughty models" as you state needs to take reading lessons and would not enjoy its contents anyway. In addition the picture on the cover usually makes the message quite evident; what more can you do? Methinks you are trying to fix something that ain't broke.
Dr. J. Garneau,
Ottawa, ON.

I've just finished reading about the "new name" issue for *The Beaver*. Please cancel my subscription the very issue it is changed. Are the Stanley Cup and Grey Cup to be replaced, too?
Douglas R. Stern,
Cambridge, NT.

The reasons in favour of a name change seem to me silly, trivial or motivated by marketing, not editorial concerns.
Bryan Toporowski,
e-mail.

Being a subscriber to *The Beaver* magazine for some time, the new format looks good and much better reading. As to the idea of a change of name for the magazine ... it should help people understand more about the magazine and the country. As for the new name, *Canada's History* would be perfect and to the point and go down just great.
Terrence Watmough,
Elmhurst, Queens, New York.

I read your article on making a name change for *The Beaver* magazine. I believe this would be a move in the wrong direction.
Frank J. Smith,
Montreal West, QC.

Please leave the name as it is. It is familiar, venerable, comfortable and reflects the economic activity responsible for the founding of our nation. Besides, readers interested in wildlife may just pick it up and get turned onto history by the contents.
D.G. Sutherland,
Yellowknife, NT.

It would be a major mistake of policy to change the name of *The Beaver*. The magazine has a long tradition. To alter the title to *Canadian History* or some such is likely to mean serious drops in circulation and revenue.
L.S. Loomer,
Wolfville, NS.

What an unimaginative title! My first reaction was one of horror. How could you propose such a dull, prosaic name for such an interesting publication? It is certainly not the name of a magazine that would attract my attention on a newsstand. In me, it evokes unpleasant memories of boring history lessons of many years ago, rather than the vibrant, interesting images created by the present title.
R.E. Crysler,
Oakville, ON.

Yes, there are many other magazines on newsstands today. But anyone with any interest at all in Canadian history is well aware of *The Beaver*. I appreciate the cost of spreading the word far and wide, by distributing free or some such gimmick. Perhaps your faithful subscribers could assist by leaving issues in appropriate places, such as citizenship offices, hospital emergency waiting rooms and the like. Our local branch library has a box for people to drop magazines into, for re-reading. *The Beaver* is snapped up regularly.
K. Cartwright
Kingston, ON.

In *The Beaver*, you have a name that's uniquely associated with Canada, that identifies a national symbol, and that has stood for journalistic excellence and historical accuracy for 76 years. And the sub-title, *Exploring Canada's History*, surely is sufficient to deflect contributions from the wild-lifers (both natural and pornographic) and the fairy-talers. Just because *The Beaver* is now sponsored by CNHS and has "expanded its horizons and its scope and now has different work to do" is no reason to change its name. My horizons, scope, and work have changed over the last 50 years, too, but my name hasn't. Nor should it, because my name identifies my good reputation and I'm proud of both. In my opinion, you should stop thinking about it.
Wendell Watson,
North York, ON.

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Christopher Moore

Encounters with history

For this year's "Reader's Choice" survey, we asked *Beaver* readers to share their personal encounters with history.

Did Emily Carr paint the totem pole in your backyard? we asked, just as an example, when we invited entries. Well, yes, she very nearly did. K.L. Leeming, who lived near Carr in Victoria, wrote, "If I had asked her for one of her paintings, she would most likely have given one to me. ... I found her quite eccentric and unusual. She owned a large sheep dog, which usually accompanied her, and a pet monkey, which she pushed around in a doll's pram. ... As to her paintings there were a few that I liked, but I did not enthuse over those of the forest and lake."

That's what we were hoping for — personal glimpses, fresh evidence about historical characters or circumstances. Not much to our surprise, *Beaver* readers delivered the goods. By our mid-October deadline, we had a substantial pile of readers' testimonies to their encounters with great people or great events.

You will find attached the prize winner, Millie Hubbert's mini-memoir of A.Y. Jackson. Its mixture of humour and personal detail made it our choice — by the smallest of margins — over half a dozen equally attractive vignettes which we have listed as "honourable mentions". You will soon be able to read those as well. Meanwhile, a sampling of what *Beaver* readers recalled:

Some of the most vivid "Encounters with History" entries dealt with political figures. Judith Holman encountered an appealingly human side of Pierre Trudeau in Kuala Lumpur, while Alex Sinclair saw real events contrasted with the media version during a prime-ministerial stop in Chapleau, Ontario. Ian Bickle, meanwhile, described the thoughtful, magnanimous John Diefenbaker he met on the night of the Chief's greatest election victory. All three earned honourable mentions.

A.Y. Jackson and Emily Carr were not the only artists our entrants "encountered". Stephen Leacock appeared in two memoirs by Patricia Porter of Belleville, Ontario, not as the great professor or the famous humorist, but in his family role as "Stevie's Daddy", whose "seductive, drawling voice captured our imaginations".

Thomas Kowalchuk of Fraserwood, Manitoba, offered a description of Bobby Hull's kindly response to a youthful autograph seeker at the Winnipeg Arena. And Glen Mikkelsen of Prince George, British Columbia, still savours the experience of being a nine-year old in the presence of world champion rodeo cowboy Winston Bruce in Calgary.

Dr. Jennifer Wade of Vancouver recalled Martin Luther King, not as the renowned orator and civil rights leader, but as "a preacher in a Baptist church ... among his own" at Atlanta, Georgia's, Ebenezer Baptist Church in 1966. Neven Humphrey of St.-Malachie, Quebec, once spent an evening with "a living saint", Jean Vanier, founder of the worldwide movement called L'Arche. On less pleasant notes, Gordon Moat of Chesterville, Ontario, described scars he still feels from the recent *The Valour and the Horror* controversy over history, while M. Belanger of Montreal is as angered as ever by Charles de Gaulle's 1967 speech at Montreal City Hall.

Not everyone's encounter with history required a great man or woman at the centre. Some people wrote instead of their participation in history-making events. Ronald Whistance-Smith of Edmonton and Graham Bowden of Brampton, Ontario, both testified to what Bowden called "the excitement and pride of seeing the Avro Arrow fly". "To me the men who flew these machines and those who built them were heroes," wrote Whistance-Smith. Glenna Mechette of Hazelton, British Columbia, described a vivid memory: surviving the explosion of the *S.S. Greenhill Park* in Vancouver harbour in 1945. Marc Graziadei of Ottawa remembered the 1989 hijacking of a Greyhound bus and its passengers.

Emily Carr and her pets.

Two writers recalled moments of the Second War World. Robert Low of Hamilton evoked the year 1941, "a rough, cold Atlantic, and ... our first view of the formidable convoy we are part of." R.C. Creech of Sidney, British Columbia, described a loudmouth ship's steward in the south Atlantic in August 1945, whose reports from the radio shack about a single bomb destroying some Japanese city were disbelieved and mocked by all aboard.

David Merry's link to history lay in a place name. Discovering his namesake Cape Merry when he moved to Churchill, Manitoba, brought him closer to the adventurers of that name whom the Hudson's Bay Company dispatched to Churchill as early as 1712.

For Susan Felsberg of Goose Bay, Labrador, a chance encounter with Sir John Simon in London's Palace of Westminster oddly prefigured her later career as a Labrador nurse, for Simon was the barrister who had successfully argued the 1927 case which confirmed Newfoundland's title to the Labrador lands which became Felsberg's home.

Many contributors offered touching stories of how a place or an object gave them a tangible link to history. For Rev. John Shearman of Oakville, Ontario, a cannonball preserved as the Woodwark family's doorstop in Ste.-Eustache, Quebec, made the rebellions of 1837 vividly real to him 60 years ago. "Some Woodwark descendants may still treasure that cannonball doorstop," he wrote. Robert Serre of Ottawa reported "a sense of history had deepened and broadened in me" ever since the day in 1957 when, playing by the edge of the Ottawa River, he discovered a Lower Canadian bank token minted in that same eventful year, 1837. Toronto heritage activist John Court described the joy of receiving possessions of George Brown from descendants of the great journalist and statesman of Confederation while Court was helping to restore Lambton Lodge, Brown's Toronto home. Luc-André Chabot of Laval, Quebec, found in a visit to French-Canadian relatives in Laconia, New Hampshire, a microcosm of the great nineteenth-century exodus from Quebec to the mills of New England.

Many entrants chafed at the 250-word limit we had to impose, and several suggest longer articles or even books may yet emerge from their memories. From 1712 to the 1990s, and from Kuala Lumpur to Yellowknife, this very abbreviated sampling of *Beaver* readers' encounters with history suggests how rich and varied are the associations of *The Beaver*'s subtitle, "Exploring Canada's History". Thanks to all our entrants.

Further "Encounters with History" will be published in future issues.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Pierre Trudeau in Kuala Lumpur
Judith Holton (Ottawa)

The Treasure Hunt
Patricia Porter (Belleville)

Eggs for Pierre
Alex Sinclair (Toronto)

Dief in Victory
Ian Bickle (Regina)

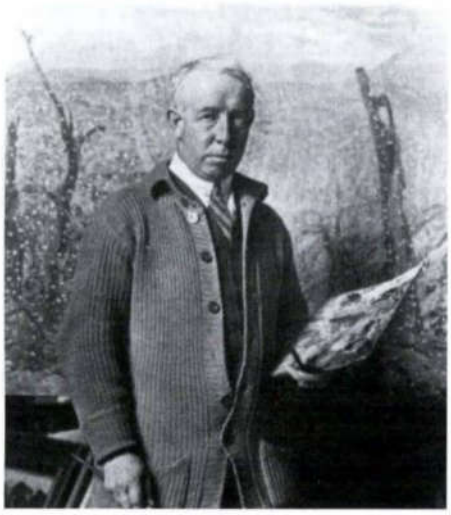
Bobby Hull's Autograph
Thomas M. Kowalchuk (Fraserwood)

Canadiens Errants
Luc-André Chabot (Laval)

THE 1996 "ENCOUNTERS WITH HISTORY" GRAND PRIZE WINNER

A.Y. JACKSON'S OPINION

By Millie Hubbert
(Markdale, Ontario)



About 45 years ago I used to teach at the then new settlement of Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. A.Y. Jackson arrived about this time to do some sketching, and he proved a pleasant and gracious visitor when he came to the teachers' quarters for tea.

A number of the ladies of the town had organized a painting group and we thought what a wonderful opportunity this was to have A.Y. Jackson view our efforts, give an opinion and perhaps some helpful advice. He assured us he would be delighted.

In great enthusiasm we rowed our paintings all around the school classroom and awaited Jackson's arrival. He entered the room all smiles and anticipation, but when he saw our efforts he stopped short in the doorway, apparently stunned with shock. Slowly he backed out again and hurried away, no doubt to obtain a drink to aid his recovery.

Later on in my youthful naivete I mentioned that perhaps none of us was a great painter but we had a wonderful camera club in the town, and photography was a type of art.

Jackson said that it wasn't. I said it was. He said it wasn't. I said it could be. He said it couldn't. I decided to leave the argument, although I still thought that it could.

THE SOCIETY

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FINALISTS AND GRAND PRIZE WINNER OF THE 1995-1996 AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE IN TEACHING CANADIAN HISTORY

Standing (L to R): *Wally Diefenthaler, Joe Tersigni, Raymond Duchesne, Marian Reimer, Janet McKinney, Lloyd Soloman, Kaye Steward, Gail Sobat, Ed Caissie, Ted Palmer*

Seated (L to R): *Dr. Paul Bennett, Joan Andersen, Charles Hou, His Excellency the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, Governor General of Canada, Rolph Huband, President of the Society, Linda Dodge, Geoff Irvine.*

Below: *Charles Hou, Grand Prize Winner, Burnaby South Secondary School, Burnaby, B.C.*

His Excellency the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, Governor General of Canada, presented the awards to the finalists and the grand prize winner during a ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa, 5 October 1996. He also announced that he has lent his title to the program effective immediately.

The Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History is open to all teachers of Canadian history in Grades 1 to 12 (OAC in Ontario). The 1995-1996 competition was sponsored by Canada's National History Society with assistance from the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation**, **Bell Canada**, **Investors Group** and the **Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce** whose support is gratefully acknowledged.

Further information on the 1996-1997 program is available from the Society.

More information on the '95-'96 finalists will appear in the February/March 1997 issue of *The Beaver*.

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by Germaine Warkentin
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by Roger Hall, Gordon Dodds and Stanley Triggs
William Notman was Canada's most remarkable 19th- century photographer. This elegant book is a tribute to the timeless work produced by him and his sons in Canada and the United States. 226 pp. Publisher's List Price $75; Club Price **$39.** (cloth)

NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA
by Kevin McNamee
with a foreword by David Suzuki
A celebration, in words and pictures, of Canada's national park system, its evolution, achievements and future. 224 pp., 120 colour, 40 black @ white photographs , 10 maps. Publisher's List Price $45; Club Price **$29.** (cloth)

CANADA, QUÉBEC AND THE USES OF NATIONALISM
by Ramsay Cook
How did Canadians reach this point? How did Québec nationalism come to threaten the future of the entire country? Is there a solution? These are among the questions tackled by noted historian Ramsay Cook in this important and timely book, now in its second edition, about the clash of cultures in Canada. 294 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

THE LOYALISTS
by Christopher Moore
The award-winning account of some 50,000 Americans who fled the United States for Canada in the late 18th century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

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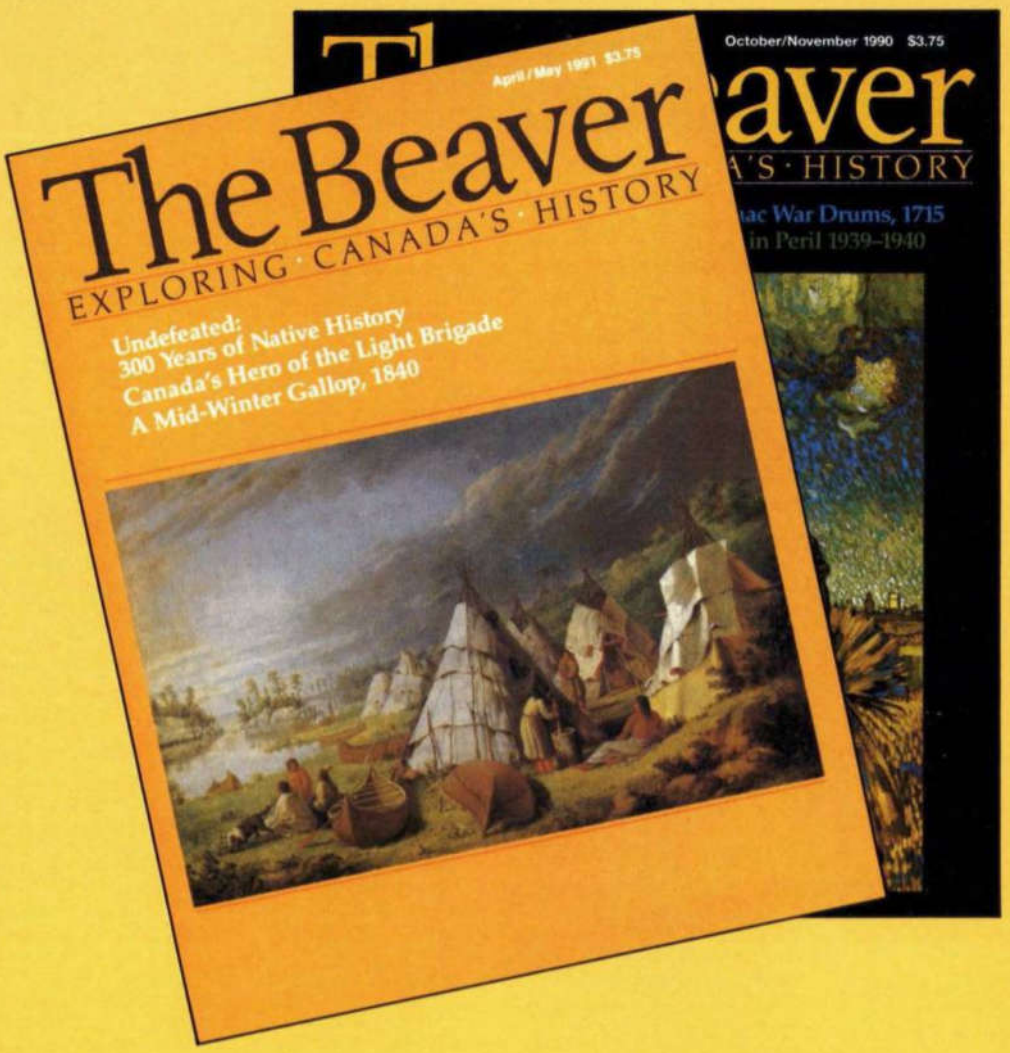

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